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BACONIANA

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It should be understood that "Baconiana" is a medium for the discussion of subjects connected with the Objects of the Bacon Society, but that the Society does not necessarily accept responsibility for opinions expressed by its contributors.

THE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION OF FRANCIS BACON.

ANNUAL DINNER.

THE anniversary of Francis Bacon's birthday was celebrated on January 22nd, at the Trocadero Restaurant, Piccadilly Circus, London, by a dinner at which numerous members and friends were present. The Lady Sydenham of Combe presided, supported on either side by the Dowager Lady Boyle and Miss Alicia A. Leith. After the repast "The King" was duly and loyally toasted, followed by a stirring communication in honour of "The Immortal Memory" by Lord Sydenham, our veteran protagonist who, despite his advanced age, still retains a clarity of vision and youthful vigour in a remarkable degree, his personal absence being due to the inadvisability of taking risks to health and comfort at this season of the year. Lady Sydenham read the communication with her usual graceful manner, as follows:

The Anniversary, which the Society commemorates

as a sacred duty, will elsewhere pass almost unnoticed although it is unique. Even Macaulay, Bacon's most mischievous detractor, was constrained to admit that he had "the most exquisitely constructed mind and intellect that has ever been bestowed on any of the children of men." What other English thinker, after three centuries, grips the mind of the educated world to-day? As the creator of an immortal literature, the constructor of our language, and the greatest exponent of a sane, healthy, and profoundly wise philosophy of life, Bacon stands pre-eminently. Have we not the right to claim him as the greatest Englishman?

We who work for the full recognition of this unequalled genius, who left his "memory and name" to be indicated "by mine own countrymen after some time be past," may well ask ourselves to-day how far our efforts are proving successful. It is difficult to estimate our progress. The truth was long obscured, and it began slowly to dawn only within the space of my life. There has, therefore, not been much time to break down the ignorance and prejudice strongly entrenched, or to stem the flood of Stratfordian propaganda, in part no doubt sincere, though it has once or twice stooped to forgery.

The stronghold of the myth is, of course, the late Sir Sydney Lee's "Life" of the obscure actor who never claimed to have written anything, although it might have been an immense advantage to a commercially-minded person who had a keen eye to the main chance. It is not easy to believe this largely irrelevant compilation to have been uniformly honest; because it seems inconceivable, that anyone, possessed of a literary sense, could have imagined that a yokel from a backward Elizabethan village, after hanging about a theatre for sometime, could suddenly have produced such a polished classical poem as *Venus and Adonis*. I read the first edition of this book when it appeared, and it convinced me that Shakspeare of Stratford never wrote anything, though I never looked into the Baconian explanation till many years later.

Since the Stratfordian Bible was written, it can fairly be said that not even a shred of evidence connecting its subject with the authorship of the Plays has been discovered. In that time, the volume of direct Baconian evidence has grown to huge dimensions, and is certain still further to increase. I am inclined to think that the very magnitude of our *brief* handicaps us, because busy men and women have not time to master it.

The strength of our opponents lies in the power of suppression which they still wield. Last year we had a striking instance of this. Mr. Alfred Dodd's most remarkable arrangement of the Sonnets, proving them to embody the life story of Bacon, was not noticed by the leading papers. On the other hand, Dr. Hotson's pretentious work was treated with marked distinction and reviewed at great length. I have tried to explain that this meritorious piece of research led only to a mountain of baseless conjectures, and did not provide the smallest support for the Stratfordian myth. This is a humiliating fact that if the Bacon Society had sufficient funds our cause would rapidly progress and victory would be in sight; but the moral that, in these days, propaganda, with capital behind it, can change the opinions of democracies, has other and more serious implications.

It has been said that every great new idea must pass through three phases. At first, it is plainly ridiculous. It is then contrary to religion, and lastly, every one knew it before. Baconian truth has passed out of the first phase, and is now represented as contrary to the views of a diminishing band of pundits still regarded as "Authorities." I believe that those of us who are fortunate to be young will see it triumphantly enter on the final phase.

Mr. Dodd points out that Ruskin admitted that in his youth he trusted the Authorities only to find that he had been deceived; that disillusionment will come to all Stratfordians who can be induced to examine for themselves the hopeless sterility of the ground which their pundits pretend to cultivate.

This year will see the opening of the Stratford Memorial

theatre, mainly built with the money of Americans who were too busy to investigate the myth. Photographs show it to be a blot upon the fair landscape, as it is a slur on the National intelligence.

An "old Stratfordian" quotes a colloquy reminiscent of Hamlet which ended with "very like a gaol," and this is an apt description, this monument to ignorance.

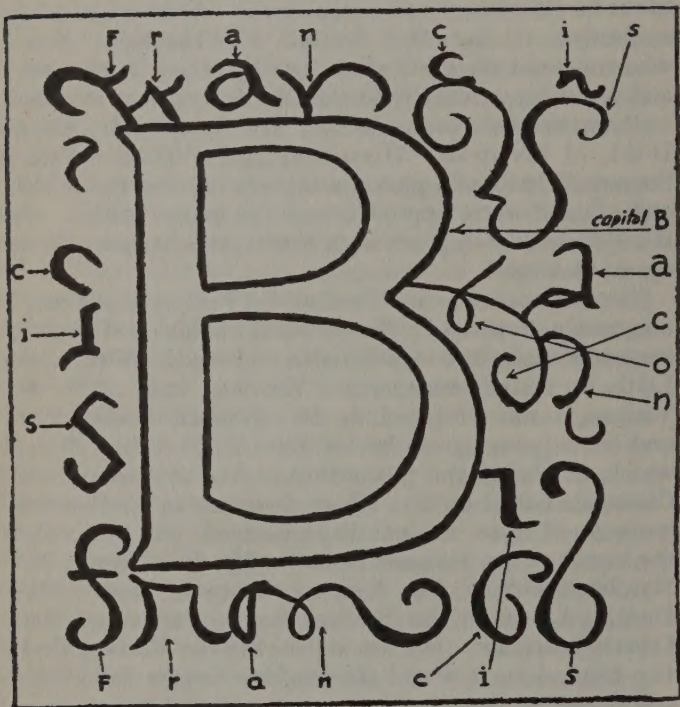
Next month we are to have a fine revival of *Julius Caesar*, one of the two Plays referred to in Bacon's correspondence, and other revivals may follow. To connect this great classical drama with the yokel from Stratford should be obviously preposterous.

As I see our present position it appears to be impregnable. Whole masses of corroborative evidence, all perfectly harmonious, has been brought to bear light, and as I have said the very volumes of our *brief* may be a disadvantage in these distracted times; and we should concentrate on historical facts easily grasped. Some of us have striven to throw down direct challenges to the Stratfordian party, which they always decline; but I think we should continue this policy. We must attack whenever a chance offers, and while London papers may persist in suppression, the Country Press is generally open to us, and every attack, shrewdly delivered, is certain to count. I beg all our younger members to remember that. We must neglect no opportunity of making converts to the truth that is in us, and I have not found the task difficult. I therefore bid the Society good cheer and I am convinced that its work is certainly—if too slowly—succeeding. I beg you all to remember that we have not only to establish the authorship of the fourth branch of the great *Instauratio*, but to vindicate the character and the fame of the greatest Englishman who left his memory and name in our keeping, and whose birth, which you celebrate this evening, was one of the most important events in the history of our Nation and Empire and in the advancement of the world."

The next toast to "The Bacon Society" was proposed by the Chairman of the Council, Mr. Horace Nickson, in a felicitous speech. He enumerated some of the many

pioneers who had tirelessly laboured in the past for the cause, but who, unfortunately, were now silent in the grave. He appealed to the younger generation to take up the struggle for truth, and said he felt sure it would be less of a struggle for the younger generations, since they were not so obsessed by the old and threadbare traditions of the Stratford-on-Avon man of straw. This was suitably responded to by Mr. Bertram G. Theobald, B.A., who traversed the good work done by others in the past, and alluded particularly to the excellent service rendered to the cause by a comparatively new convert, Mr. Alfred Dodd, of Liverpool. His publication, "Shake-speare's Sonnets," has had a phenomenal sale all over the world, and elicited warm approval from the higher critics. As the *Manchester City News* says, it will probably prove to be epoch-making.

The next toast was to "The Guild of Francis St. Alban," eloquently proposed by Mr. Lewis Biddulph, and warmly responded to by the ever-amiable and erudite Miss Alicia Leith, in an earnest speech. The final toast, "To the Visitors," was proposed by Mr. Howard Bridgewater, and the response given by the Rev. E. F. Udney, M.A., which concluded the proceedings. At the opening, the Chairman called on Mr. Henry Seymour to read several messages of regret for inability to attend, which included the names of the Princess Karadja, Mr. Ivor Brown, Mr. Harold Nicolson, Sir Richard Gregory, Bart., Miss Durning-Lawrence, Sir Edward Boyle, Bart., and Mrs. Crouch-Batchelor. We are indebted to the *Morning Post*, the *Herts Advertiser* and *Birmingham Gazette* for kindly references to the occasion.





BACON'S CRYPTIC SIGNATURES IN THE WORKS OF "SHAKESPEARE."

BY HENRY SEYMOUR.

THE number and variety of Francis Bacon's secret signatures in the Great Plays and Poems ascribed to "William Shake-speare" are beyond count. A new discovery of a further example has been made by Miss Annette Covington, president of the Woman's Art Club in Cincinnati. This example has been staring a purblind world in the face for upwards of 300 years, yet it has been left for an American lady with a penetrating eye to perceive it. The discovery, in fine, is that the very letters of the name of Francis Bacon are sequentially, if somewhat obscurely, enwrapped in the "floral decoration" which surrounds the first letter of the first word of the First Folio, viz., *The Tempest*!

Miss Covington had for some time been interested in the Bacon-Shakespeare problem, and whilst preparing an address to be read to the Cincinnati Monday Lecture Club, her attention chanced upon this illuminated initial letter B, when she observed something irregular in artistic form; and procuring a strong magnifying glass, at once saw quite clearly that the word *Francis* was scrolled along the top of the letter, again on the bottom of the letter, as well as the letters *a c o n* on the right-hand side of the large initial B, which completed the missing letters of the name of *Bacon*.

It is well known that the First Folio of the "Shakespeare" plays was published in the year 1623, about seven years after the death of their *supposed* author, William Shakspeare (*sic*) of Stratford-on-Avon, a plebeian player raw from the pigsty, who, it is likely trod the boards of the famous Globe Theatre of Elizabeth's time, in certain low comedy parts. The literary quacks and journalistic hacks for the past 100 years have been instrumental in perpetuating this obscurantism in the interests of those who have every reason to suppress the truth, not only about the real authorship of these literary and dramatic masterpieces, but about the greater secret behind it,

which made the lesser secret necessary, that Francis Bacon was not, in reality, the second son of Sir Nicholas and Lady Anne Bacon, but a natural son of Queen Elizabeth (the "virgin queen" of lying history).

Digressions aside, I reproduce a diagram which Miss Covington has made to shew with indicating pointers exactly how she traced the covered-up signature. In juxtaposition, on the opposite page, is shewn a *facsimile* enlargement, in the same proportions, of the letter B from the First Folio itself, for purposes of comparison.

The suggestion for exhibiting to our readers the two illustrations together, size for size, came from a learned counsel of the Society who is usually sound on matters of fact and skilled in drawing correct and sane deductions from established data. Having compared these in the proofs, I am bound to say that this method, to my mind, seems less satisfactory and leaves me with a shrewd suspicion that it had been more to the purpose if the second illustration had remained precisely as the author designed it—in its natural size—and that readers should make the comparison accordingly. The reason for this is plain enough, on examination, for as every tyro knows, you cannot magnify anything without distorting it. I have therefore had a third picture prepared, consisting of the same letter B from the First Folio in its actual size as shewn. The very thickening of the lines or curves of the letter decoration due to their enlargement seems rather to blot out than make more clear the points upon which it is most necessary to discriminate.

The signature as it stands is admittedly open to question, and we are not too eager to "see things" which are not there. We hold no brief for ghosts. But it is at least striking in its potential essentials, as every cryptographic expert will readily concede. To those who are not practised in the cryptographic art it will probably remain a sealed letter. The cryptographer will regard it, not as an isolated coincidence, but will also take into account all other circumstances in connection with it and carefully consider in what manner and extent the circumstances fit the case. He will realize at once that were such devices

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made too obvious, they would defeat their purpose completely. Some powerful motive must have induced its author to temporarily (i.e., during, perhaps, his lifetime) conceal his personal identity. To those who are aware that after 1621 Bacon's life was actually in jeopardy,* the secret of his concealment will occasion no surprise. And to conclude: Those who answer that obsessed persons are prone to see what they want to see and that the particular instance under consideration is vague enough in its detail to justify anything that a lively imagination may conceive, I can only rejoin in advance that all the critical ingenuity in the world will be unable to extract any other intelligible words out of the example, *with each letter in sequence*, than *Francis Bacon*. All the sophistry of Stratford-on-Avon can never squarely meet that challenge.

* *Histoire Naturelle de Mre. Francois Bacon*, Paris, 1631.

ADDENDUM.

Hot upon the heels of the foregoing discovery, Miss Covington sends me, just as we are going to press, a further remarkable discovery in connection with this initial letter B. Not only is the signature of Francis Bacon contained in the feigned floral design around it, but she has discovered that when the letter is turned on its side, both ways, the "thistle" in the upper loop and the Tudor "rose" in the lower has been so designed as to reveal a picture gallery, "in a space less than three-sixteenths of a square inch"; a pictorial story of events connected with Bacon's life—Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn (the axe toward her), their chins north, face the centre from extreme west and east, their profiles shewn from the middle of the nose down. In the centre, Dudley, husband of Queen Elizabeth, facing north-east, the Queen looking south-east. The Earl of Essex (Bacon's brother) is shown as a soldier with a flat-topped helmet, looking west, chin north and kneeling at the Executioner's block in the south, head east. He is seen headless, south-east by south, his neck, the neck of the black bottle which is under the Queen's nose. Bacon himself, chin east, is seen gazing south at the eye of Marguerite de Valois, "For as you were when first your eye, I eyed, such seems your beauty still."

Lady Bacon wears a plumed hat, she looks south, chin west; the Dowager Countess of Essex turned east, chin north, is in evening dress. . . . On the west side of the Tower of London (moonlight) Elizabeth is giving her new-born son, Francis, to Lady Ann Bacon for adoption, and Lady Anne is homeward bound with the infant Prince of Wales.

These silhouettes demand some patience and skill to locate, and there are further revelations, which must be reserved for our next issue.

WAS BACON THE EDITOR OF THE BIBLE ?

By HORACE NICKSON.

A SERIES of articles has been running through the columns of the *Morning Post* on the literary merits of the English Bible, that is, of course, the Authorised Version, published in 1611. These short effusions are by the following gentlemen: Sir Arthur Quilles-Couch, Lord Hugh Cecil, Sir Nigel Playfair, Boyd Cable, Sir Owen Seaman, Lascelles Abercrombie, Sir Charles Oman, Alfred Noyes, Lord Charnwood, Viscount Brentford, Edward Marjoribanks, Sir Forbes Robertson, Lord Darling and a dozen others.

These celebrities picked out their favourite passage for the literary quality of the writing, showing the excellence of the construction, the simplicity of the language, and the dramatic following on of the narrative.

These articles are now published in book form by Francis Griffiths, 31, Gerrard St., W.1., 4/6 paper cover, 6/6 stiff cover.

The leading article in the *Morning Post*, the writer of which, says—"the authorized Version is indeed a "miracle; considering its origin, we must needs believe "it to be a triumphant result of that never ending collaboration between God and man. It is not as so many "think the creation of 47 divines, who at the bidding of "King James I, toiled at it for more than 7 years. . . "Had they not been divinely directed, they had surely "given us a translation into the tumid prose which most "of them cultivated," &c., &c., &c. . . .

According to this Shakespeare, I presume, would be attributed the divine inspiration working between God and man. But this I cannot accept as the real explanation why the work of 47 different men, mostly non-entities in clerical garb, should have produced such a work of singular beauty, and of so uniform excellence as the Bible shows itself to be. If you depute 47 men to trans-

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late a work like the Bible, to put it into readable English, what would you expect it to be like when done? It would at any rate be uneven, some parts good, some parts bad, and some parts indifferently rendered.

A final revision was entrusted to Dr. Miles Smith and Dr. Thos. Bilson. These two men gave the result of their efforts to King James in 1609.

The works of these two men which they have left us, apart from the Bible, do not justify us in attributing to them the genius which someone possessed who did put the greater part of the Bible into the poetical prose that has been the admiration of the world and the joy and solace of millions.

To whom, then, can we attribute the glory? Was there anyone who possessed the necessary qualifications? There was only one man in the country who was doing similar literary work of the highest culture and had a command of the language as no man before or since has possessed, and it is him whom we call Shakespeare. Just about this time he had produced the plays of *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, and others. Some of the wailings of *Lear* are like the mental outpourings of Levi and David.

There is a good deal of similarity in Shakespeare and the Bible, the similarity not so much in the matter as in the manner; the Psalms of David have in their poetry (their prose poetry) a feeling, the depth of which is only paralleled by that of King Lear, Wolsey, and others who have suffered reverses of fortune. I cannot explain it—I only *feel* it when I read both.

So it is with the book of Job, a book which is a poem—a treatise on adversity. Francis Bacon, to whom many scholars have attributed the plays of Shakespeare, was James I's right-hand-man to whom he always consulted on matters of policy, and who was at that time head and shoulders above all others in the Kingdom, as a man of letters.

The dedication to the James' I's Bible seems to leave little doubt, by the style and wording, that it was written by Bacon, and as we all know he wrote so much that he

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did not sign, we are justified in attributing to him this as identical to his style and flattery of King James.

The only writing that really compares with the translation of the Bible, or rather to the style that was evidently done by one man in putting the final touches to that sacred book, is the most beautiful prayer which Bacon penned towards the end of his career.

Addison said of this prayer that it resembled more the devotion of an angel rather than that of a man!

I will read it to you—

“Remember, O Lord, how thy servant walked before
“Thee: remember what I have first sought, and what been
“principal in mine intentions. I have loved thy
“assemblies: I have mourned for the diversions of Thy
“Church: I have delighted in the brightness of Thy
“Sanctuary.

“This vine, which Thy right hand hath planted in this
“Nation, I have ever prayed to thee that it might have
“the first and latter rain, and that it might stretch her
“branches to the seas and to the floods.

“The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have
“been precious in mine eyes. I have hated all cruelty
“and hardness of heart. *I have though in a despised weed,*
“*procured the good of all men.*

“If any have been mine enemies, I thought not of them,
“neither hath the sun almost set upon my displeasure,
“but I have been as a dove, free from superfluity of
“maliciousness.

“Thy creatures have been my books, but thy scriptures
“much more. I have sought thee in the courts, fields
“and gardens, but I have found thee in thy temples.

“Thousand have been my sins and ten thousands my
“transgressions, but thy sanctifications have remained
“with me, and my heart, through thy grace, hath been
“an unquenchable coal upon thine altar.

“O Lord my Strength, I have since my youth met with
“Thee in all my ways, by thy fatherly compassions, by
“thy comfortable chastisements, and by thy most visible
“providence.

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“As thy favours have increased upon me so have Thy
“corrections, so that Thou has’t been ever near me, O
“Lord: and ever, as Thy worldly blessings were exalted, so
“secret darts from Thee have pierced me and when I have
“ascended before men I have descended in humiliation
“before Thee.

“And now, when I thought most of peace and honour,
“Thy hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me ac-
“cording to thy former loving kindness, keeping me still
“in thy fatherly school, not as a bastard but as a child.

“Just are they judgments upon me for my sins, which
“are more in number than the sands of the sea, but have no
“proportion to thy mercies, for what are the sands of the
“sea, to the sea? Earth, heavens, and all these are noth-
“ing to thy mercies.

“Besides my innumerable sins, I confess before thee,
“that I am debtor to thee for the gracious talent of thy
“gifts and graces, which I have.

“Neither put into a napkin nor put it as I ought, to
“exchangers where it might have made most profit but
“mis-spent it in things for which I was least fit so that I
“may truly say my soul hath been a stranger in the course
“of my pilgrimage.

“Be merciful unto me O Lord for my Saviour’s sake, and
“secure me into Thy bosom, or guide me into thy ways.”

It must now be evident to most of you here tonight that this is a most beautiful and devout prayer. If it had been extracted from the Bible some of the commentators in the *Morning Post* would have chosen it as quite the best as an example of pure dramatic solemnity and deemed it perfect prose.

Lord Darling has chosen the passage from Ecclesiastes XII as the best.

Strange to say it starts with the same word as Bacon’s prayer:—

“Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,
“while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh,
“when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them: while
“the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not
“darkened nor the clouds return after rain.

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“In the days when the keepers of the house shall
“tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves,
“and the grinders shall cease because they are few,
“and those that look out of the windows be darkened.

“And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the
“sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the
“voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall
“be brought low.

“Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high,
“and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall
“flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden.

“And desires shall fail, because man goeth to his long
“home, and the mourners go about the streets.

“Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl
“be broken, at the fountain; or the wheel broken at the
“cistern.

“Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and
“the Spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

“Vanity of vanities, said the preacher, all is vanity.

“And moreover, because the preacher was wise, he still
“taught the people knowledge. Yea, he gave good heed,
“and sought out, and set in order many proverbs.

“The preacher sought out to find acceptable words,
“and that which was written was upright, even words of
“truth. The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails
“fastened by the masters of assemblies.

“Which are given from one Shepherd. And further,
“by these, my son be admonished: of making many books
“there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the
“flesh.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter:

“Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is
“the whole duty of man.

“For God shall bring every work into judgment, with
“every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be
“evil.”

This is Lord Darling's choice.

It is also the one chosen by Boyd Cable.

Robert Nichols writes:—

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"Since the Authorized Bible is the greatest anthology of musical wisdom in the English tongue, he was a rash man who would dare finger this or that passage and assert this or that the most beautiful."

It is not merely as a poet but as an agnostic, and as a person who has experienced vicissitudes, that I shall write of it.

To begin with we must distinguish between brief gnomic utterances or poetic miracles of phrase, image, cadence, etc., and sustained passages.

It is almost impossible to open the Bible without the eye alighting upon such utterances and miracles.

Let me cite a few at random, among the gnomic.

The stone which the builders refused has become the headstone of the corner.

Stolen waters are sweet.

The destruction of the poor is their poverty.

Where there is no vision the people perish.

Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.

Study to be quiet.

Wisdom is justified of her children.

The wind bloweth where it listeth.

Man shall not live by bread alone.

The following, Robert Nicholls although an agnostic, cites them as miracles—I presume he means they are bordering upon the miraculous.

The mother of all living.

I go the way of the earth.

Death in the pot.

The morning stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy.

While I was musing the fire burned.

The noise of many waters.

As the bird by wandering, as the swallow by flying, so the curse causeless shall not come.

Wizards that peep and mutter.

The burden of the desert of the sea.

He shall be buried with the burial of an ass.

A cloud of witnesses.

Till the day-star arise in your hearts.

Yesterday to-day and forever.

Wars and rumours of wars.

Robert Nicholls goes on to say that he cannot close his little anthology without quoting the most ominous phrase

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in English. "The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me."

I don't quite know what you may think of these quotations from the Bible. They are very fine, but not finer than similar subject-matter in Shakespeare, and in my humble opinion the writer who put the finishing poetical touches to the Bible and who wrote Shakespeare were one and the same immortal genius.

Is there any quotation more beautiful in feeling than *Hamlet's* exhortation to Horatio:—

O Horatio—what a wounded name, things standing thus unknown I leave behind me—if thou dost hold me in thy heart, absent thee from felicity awhile and in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain to tell my story.

Or these lines from *Macbeth*—

My way of life, is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf; and that which should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends, I must not look to have; but in their stead, curses, not loud but deep, mouth honor, breath, which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Or this—

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day to the last syllable of recorded time, and all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death.

Or this—

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

It would have been quoted as miraculous if David had spoken some of Henry VIII speeches, and what's more some of the latter would have fitted the moods of the former—such as

'Tis better to be lowly born, and range with humble lives in content, than to be perked up in a glistening grief and wear a golden sorrow.

Wolsey's injunctions to Cranmer sound like exhortations from the Bible.

Love thyself last, cherish those hearts that hate thee.

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, to silence envious tongues.

Be just and fear not, let all the ends thou aimst at be thy country's thy God's and truths.

And this—

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water.

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And Bacon says—

Who then to frail mortality can trust
He but limns the water or but writes in dust.

There is nothing in my mind that is at any time supernatural, therefore nothing really miraculous, so I must come to the conclusion that not *divine* inspiration, but *genius* is responsible for these outstanding gems of language; whether the ornate rendering of passages in translation, or what is much the same, the majestic sublimity of expression as we find it in Shakespeare: the great master-stylist who had supreme command of the English language, evidently either dictated to his stenographers who were in his employment, or he personally wrote some of the Bible.

There is some strong suspicion that Bacon undertook the launching of this sacred book as there is of the First Folio of Shakespeare for both books have his double A. design (the dark and light A) which my interpretation suggests (awaiting a better) that the light A being on the left hand, and the dark A on the right hand, always reversed produces the same as the *front* and *back* of the Droeshout picture in the first Folio—*Front-Back* which is anagrammatically *Fr. Bacon, K.T.*

Bacon uses this device in nearly all the books that we Baconians attribute to his pen, either as translations or original works of literature.

In nearly every case when I have given a paper, or a talk on the Shakespeare—Bacon question someone has got up and said that Shakespeare wrote the Bible also in order to create ridicule on the subject of cryptograms, because of the example in the 46th Psalm. The 46th word down being "Shake" and the 46th word up from the bottom being "speare," The last gentleman who volunteered this "tilt" was a Canon at the B'ham Rotary Club at one of my efforts. It never occurred to him that this cryptogram must have been arranged—and that it is 20,000,000, to one that such a thing could ever have occurred accidentally.

In the 1535 Coverdale Bible in the 45th Psalm the 56th word down is Shook and the 47th up is Speare!

In the great bible in the 46th Psalm the 46th word down

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is "Shake" and 48th word up is "Speare." In the 1560 Geneva Bible in the 46th Psalm the 47th word down is "Shake" and 44th word up is "Speare." In the Bishop's Bible in the 46th Psalm the 47th word down is "Shake" and the 48th word up is "Speare."

But in the James 1st, 1611 Bible, the "Authorised version," with which we are dealing, the 46th Psalm has the 46th word down as "Shake" and the 46th word up as "Speare." I presume, therefore, that Francis Bacon, seeing these words placed in such close proximity, could not resist the temptation to make a real arithmetical or numerical cypher of it to register another pseudonym of his; this was one of his obsessions, which he never missed an opportunity of registering.

With regard to the wording of the Dedication of the authorised version to King James, it seems to me to justify the suspicion that Bacon wrote it, for it contains several of his characteristic methods of expression—"dread Sovereign,"—"the setting of that bright Occidental star Queen Elizabeth."—Also of King James as "the Sun in his strength instantly dispelled those supposed and surmised mists." It was quite a common phrase of Bacon to use that illustration of the Sun dispelling the mists or clouds where there had been trouble before.

"Shakespeare" says:—

Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by his *Sun* of York and all the *clouds* that loured upon our house, &c.

In reverting back to these letters which appeared in the *Morning Post* I should like to read you one by Sir Thomas Inskip, K.C. :—

"Literary merit is hard to define, still harder to appraise.

"Fine writing is very often the antithesis of good writing: it nearly always tends to become obscure, and "is to most people tiresome."

The letter killeth but the spirit giveth life.

The real beauty of the Bible is its inward and spiritual grace.

Word spinning was the last thing in the world that attracted those inspired writers. Yet for all that, literary merit is stamped upon almost every page of the Bible. It is pure gold.

My ideal of absolute perfection in the use of words, not merely to convey but to create ideas, is the story of the Prodigal Son.

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Although there is scarcely a word in it which is not in common use in the humblest home, there is not one which could be bettered, nor one which does not play its part. Each phrase is a complete picture, painted without effort but with vivid effect.

Yet the workmanship is such that the unity is faultless.

The Divine narrator planned a perfect whole, and from the first word to the last the story which he told to show the joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth defies criticism.

Nor as it seems to me, is it possible to imagine anything more fitted to the theme than the rhythm of the words.

It is simple and unadorned, but the cadences fall so lightly and sweetly on the ear that it is difficult not to believe they are the conscious work of a supreme artist.

I do not pretend to have a wide range of reading, but for its universal appeal, as well as its sheer beauty, the story of the Prodigal Son must, without a doubt, have only a few, if any, rivals in English literature.

We all know the parable so I need not recite it now, but we all agree with Sir Thomas Inskip, K.C., that it is a perfect narrative, simply told, with no extraneous words or superfluity.

For pure concentrated descriptive narrative, I will read you one from *Romeo and Juliet* that always appeals to me as having the same characteristic quality of not having a single word too many, and all the words perfect in their descriptive capacity.

"I do remember an apothecary—and hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted in tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows, culling of simples; meagre were his looks, sharp misery had worn him to the bones. And in his needy shop a tortoise hung. An alligator stuffed, and other skins of ill-shaped fishes, and about his shelves a beggarly account of empty boxes, green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds, remnants of pack thread and old cakes of roses, were thinly scattered, to make up a show. Noting this penury, to myself I said, an if a man did need a poison now whose sale is present death in Mantua here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.

Oh this same thought did but forerun my need: and this same needy man must sell it me.

As I remember this should be the house. Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.

This and many other examples from Shakespeare go to show that both these writers, the one who put the finishing touches to the Bible, and the writer of Shakespeare—if they were two (which I doubt), this supreme artist as Sir Thos. Inskip describes him, is in the opinion of most Baconians none other than Francis Bacon.

THE MISSING HISTORICAL PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY HOWARD BRIDGEWATER.

EDWARD I. AND EDWARD IV.

FOR the benefit of those who were not present on the occasion when I last had the pleasure to address the Bacon Society, and who have not read my paper on the subject, I should explain that for some considerable time I have been studying what one may call the English-King plays, attributed variously to George Peele, Christopher Marlowe, Robt. Greene and Thos. Heywood, with a view to ascertaining whether these plays were not in fact written by the same hand that wrote "Shakespeare."

These works are:—

Edward I	attributed to Geo. Peele.
Edward II	,, ,, C. Marlowe.
Edward III	,, ,, Anonymous.
Edward IV.	,, ,, T. Heywood.
*Henry III	,, ,, R. Greene.

It will at once be noted that these plays are precisely, and only, those that are missing from the "Shakespeare" sequence of historical plays, which, as you know, begin with King John and end with Henry VIII. One does not refer to the reigns of Edward V or Edward VI, for neither of them could well have been made the subject of a play, as the former reigned only for one year and the latter only as a youth under the protectorship of Somerset, while as regards Henry VII Francis Bacon's prose history of that King would doubtless have been put into dramatic form had he lived long enough to do it.

It is very extraordinary that each of the five plays above-mentioned and each of which is alleged, and generally believed, to be by a different author, should all prove to

* Published under the title "The Hon. History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay."

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have been written in blank verse of such remarkable merit and style that the Shakespearean character of portions, if not of the whole of every one of them has been remarked upon by one critic or another. And it strikes me as extremely curious, if we are not at once to assume that the alleged authors' names were nothing but pseudonyms, that while each selected as the subject of his play a King different to that of his fellows, and carefully avoided dealing with any of the Kings whose reigns were subsequently dramatised in "Shakespeare," no one of them (though Heywood is supposed to have written or "had a main finger in" the writing of 220 plays) wrote more than one "English-King" play. What logical reason can be put forward in explanation of this? Each of the four writers having made such a success of a play dealing with the reign of one of our Kings, might it not reasonably be expected that at least one of these authors would have been encouraged similarly to dramatise the reign of at least one other of the Kings of England?

In my first essay I dealt with the plays of Edward II and Edward III, and on the strength of their identity of style with the "Shakespeare" plays came to the conclusion that as in the case of "Shakespeare," the name of "Marlowe" was used in the case of Edward II merely to hide the personality of the real author.

In the case of Edward II, I was able to show that Mr. John H. Ingram, who may be described as Marlowe's high-priest, was himself convinced, though he appeared at times to be frightened of his own conviction, that Shakespeare wrote this play. I have since found that this view has been adumbrated not only by a German Professor, but by Mr. Robert M. Theobald, the author of that amazingly erudite work, "Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light," who as an appendix thereto, published a masterly treatise on the subject. Mr. Theobald, it appears, has long been convinced not only that Edward II, but other of the works attributed to Marlowe, were written by Francis Bacon.

I propose now to deal with the Plays of Edward I and

Edward IV, attributed, respectively, to Peele and Heywood. As in the case of Marlowe, Peele was a man of dissolute habits, while of Heywood nothing is known, except that he was an actor, beyond that which he himself is supposed to tell us in the introduction to two plays that appeared as having been written by him. He is assumed to have been a University man, but, as Mr. Theobald says (in dealing with Marlowe) "that an educated University man should have become an actor—that is, in those days, a vagabond, an outcast—gives colour to the suspicion that he had somehow lost caste, and sunk to a low social level." Yet as in the case of Marlowe's Edward II, both these plays of Peele and Heywood hold up for our admiration the virtues of chastity, modesty and integrity—not cantingly, as though that were their object, but naturally, in the manner of "Shakespeare" these sentiments are put into the mouths of their characters as occasion serves. Pride, ingratitude, lust and loose-living generally are condemned, and truth and justice honoured. Wisdom and virtue shine so brightly in these writings and meanness is so despised that one feels it instinctively impossible that they were compiled by mean souls, or roystering licentiates. Who other than a man of the noblest character and prodigious learning could paint those lofty appeals to the minds and hearts of men that distinguish these plays in common with those attributed to the actor-money-lender of Stratford-on-Avon? I say that it was not to have been done by other than a man inherently noble in every sense of that word. I am reminded of a passage in Henry VI in which the Earl of Warwick accuses the Duke of Suffolk and Cardinal Beaufort of the murder of Duke Humphrey. Warwick says:—

"Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe
But will suspect t'was he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttocks nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?"

By the same process of reasoning I say that men of the type of Marlowe, Shakspeare, Heywood and Greene may not

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reasonably be looked to as the fountains of those expositions of the highest moral principles that characterise their alleged works, or that the taverns or the stage of the time of Queen Elizabeth could suddenly have produced so many men gifted with the divine genius that for ever lives in the works we know as "Shakespeare."

That these men's names were used simply as pseudonyms to conceal the identity of the real author is a conviction that becomes the more deeply grounded when it transpires that in the majority of cases their putative works were published at more or less long intervals after their respective deaths. Some collaboration there may have been, but in my mind the more probable explanation of the fact that the quality of some of these early works is not maintained throughout at the same high level, is that Bacon took, as it were, the crude pictures of inferior artists and painted over them, and, here and there, the original work shows through.

Edward I, attributed to Peele, describes the return of "Longshanks" from his victorious crusades in the Holy Land in company with his Spanish wife Elinor, whom he dearly loves, but whose vainglorious pride, which estranges her from the hearts of her subjects, occasions him constant heartburnings. It goes on to describe the revolt of the Welsh under Lluellen and of the Scots under Balliol.

The first scene opens upon a company of nobles attending upon the Queen Mother, who first speaks as follows:—

Q. MOTHER: My Lord Lieutenant of Gloucester, and Lord Mortimer,

To do you honour in your sovereign's eyes,
That, as we hear, is newly come a-land,
From Palestine, with all his men of war
(The poor remainder of the Royal fleet,
Preserved by miracle in Sicil Road),
Go mount your coursers, meet him on the way:
Pray him to spur his steed; minutes are hours,
Until his mother sees her princely son
Shining in glory of his safe return.

(Exeunt Lords).

She continues with a panegyric of patriotism reminiscent both of Henry V and Richard II as follows:—

Illustrious England, ancient seat of kings,
 Whose chivalry hath royalised thy fame,
 That sounding bravely through terrestrial vale,
 Proclaiming conquests, spoils and victories,
 Rings glorious echoes through the farthest world;
 What warlike nation, trained in feats of arms,
 What barbarous people, stubborn or untamed,
 What climate under the meridian signs,
 Or frozen zone under his brumal plage
 Erst have not quaked and trembled at the name
 Of Britain and her mighty conquerors? . . .
 And now, t'eternise Albion's champions
 Equivalent with Trojans' ancient fame,
 Comes lovely Edward from Jerusalem. . . .
 And we, his mother, shall behold our son,
 And England's peers shall see their sovereign.

The trumpets sound, and enter the maimed soldiers with garlands on them, every man with his red cross on his coat. Enter after them the nobles Gloster and Mortimer, sent to meet them, and then Longshanks and his wife Elinor, who happens to have the same Christian name as his mother.

Having saluted his return "from famous journeys hard and fortunate" the Queen Mother informs him how heavy is his loss as

"Since your departure to these Christian wars,
 The king, your father, and the prince your son
 And your brave uncle, Almain's Emperor," . .
 Are dead.'

LONGSH.: Take comfort madam; leave these sad laments:
 Dear was my uncle, dearer was my son,
 And ten times dearer was my noble father;
 Yet were their lives valued at thousand worlds,
 They cannot scape th' arrest of dreadful death,
 Death that doth seize and summon all alike.
 Then leaving them to heavenly blessedness,
 To join in thrones of glory with the just,
 I do salute your royal majesty,
 My gracious mother-queen, and you my lords,
 Gilbert de Clare, Sussex and Mortimer,
 And all the princely states of England's peers,
 With wealth and honour to your heart's content.

Having done honour to his wife and the soldiers who have shared his feats of arms, he bids one of them "Sound proudly here a perfect point of war, in honour of thy sovereign's safe return." Thus Longshanks bids his soldiers "bien venu." He appoints December the fourteenth

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for his coronation, whereat the queen distressed exclaims:
"The time is all too short and sudden for so great solemnity
. . . I pray thee then defer it till the Spring, That we may
have our garments point-device. I mean to send for
tailors into Spain. That shall confer of some fantastic
suits." To which Longshanks replies: "Madam content
ye: Would that were greatest care: You shall have garments
to your heart's desire. . . T'wixt us a greater matter
breaks no square."

But the queen, who is bent upon bearing herself with
royalty "Above the other queens of Christendom," says:

Under our royal canopy of state,
Glistering with pendants of the purest gold,
Like as our seat were spangled all with stars,
The world shall wonder at our majesty.

To this her daughter Joan is made to reply:

"Madam if Joan thy daughter may advise,
Let not your honour make your manners change.
The people of this land are men of war,
The women courteous, mild and debonair;
Laying their lives at princes' feet
That govern with familiar majesty.
But if their sovereign once gin swell with pride,
Disdaining commons' love which is the strength
And sureness of the richest commonwealth,
That prince were better live a private life
Than rule with tyranny and discontent."

Admitting that the English are headstrong, Elinor replies:

"But we shall hold them in a Spanish yoke,
And make them know their lord and sovereign."

We are then introduced to the rebellious Lluellen, who
threatens that he'll

"Short that gain-legged Longshanks by the top,
And make his flesh my murdering falchion's food."

But he is worsted in the fight, and Welsh barons bring
Edward a richly lined mantle of welsh-made frieze for
the wearing of his son, the infant Prince of Wales, at his
christening. This Longshanks gratefully receives, but the
Queen will have none of it, being "Proud, infect in the
cradle with disdain." This brings a very beautifully
worded reproof from her husband. In reply to her ques-
tion "Doth Edward mock his love?" he replies:

LONGSH.: "No, Nell; he doth as best in honour doth behove,
And prays thee gentle queen—and let my prayers move,
Leave these ungentle thoughts, put on a milder mind;
Sweet looks, not lofty, civil mood become a woman's
kind."

And as is the manner of "Shakespeare" having given expression beautifully to a beautiful thought, he guides the conversation so that the opportunity to do it better still recurs, and we have a half-page later this:—

LONGSH.: "O, could I with the riches of my crown
Buy better thoughts for my renowned Nell!
Thy mind sweet queen, should be as beautiful
As is thy face, as is thy features all,
Fraught with pure honour's treasure, and enriched
With virtues and glory incomparable."

If anything were needed other than the familiar style and high quality of the work to convince me that this play of Edward I was written by the author of "Shakespeare" it would be this manifestation of the habit, so characteristic, of returning to the same subject and dealing with it again: giving it that "second heat" upon the anvil of his amazing skill which Ben Jonson referred to and that reaches, I think, its highest exemplification in Caesar and in Henry VIII, but which is commonly characteristic of all the Plays.

Time prevents my quoting more of the splendid passages with which this play abounds, as I have to tell you yet something of Peele's life and to discuss the Play of Edward IV. But I must draw your attention to the fact that in scene VIII, dealing with incidents connected with the Welsh rebellion, reference is made to:

"An aged saying and a true,
Black will take no other hue."

which gives much food for thought in that it is one of the phrases that you will find in Bacon's "Promus"—that diary of his in which he made notes of curious, witty or wise expressions, which you will find repeated either in his admitted works or in "Shakespeare," or both. Never elsewhere have I come across this expression, though I am informed that it occurs in another Elizabethan play which bears strong internal evidence of Baconian authorship.

Now a few brief notes concerning Peele's life, so far as anything is known of it. Shorn of conjecture it amounts to this, that the date of his birth is unknown. Mr. Bullen, in his introduction to an edition of Peele's works, which however does not contain his famous or rather "infamous" "Jests," starts off by remarking that it was not through lack of enquiry that Alex. Dyce could learn nothing of Peele's parentage or schooldays. But in 1881 Mr. J. H. Ingram discovered that James Peele, who was Clerk of Christ's Hospital, had a son named George, and there seems to be little doubt that this George was our friend the alleged author. A notice in the Court Book, 1565, states that "James Peele, Clerk, is allowed bokes by order of the Gouv'nors for George his sonne who is in the Gram Skole, so farreforthe as he be diligent in his learning and honyst at the Gouv'nors plesure." He appears in 1571 to have gone to Oxford in company with one Ed. Harris and in 1572 the name of G. Peele is stated to be found on the list of members of Pembroke College. He is then stated to have become a student of Christ Church, 1574, though why he should have changed his College is not explained. Bullen in a small print footnote mentions that the name in the inceptor's list is given as "Ket," but, he says, "another hand has written Pele at the side." But there would appear to be no doubt that James Peele's son obtained his B.A. in 1577, as James Peele in that year was "graunted the sum of five pounds towards the chargis of his sonne George who is now uppon goinge forth Batchelor of Arte." Two years later, however, the opinion of the Governors of the Hospital concerning James Peele's son had apparently undergone a drastic change, for there is an entry to the effect that "James Peele hath given his promise to this coorte to discharge his howse of his son George Peele. . before michellmas day next cominge upon paine of the gounos displeasure." "No doubt" says Bullen, "he had been carrying on high jinks at the Hospital with his roystering companions, and the Court was scandalised."

Another writer says of him that his wife, whom he married

in 1583, brought him some property, which he soon dissipated, and he became a member of that group of men who wrote all sorts of occasional productions in the uncertain hope of earning a living. There is, says Mr. William Allen Neilson, of Harvard University, an unfortunate appropriateness in many of Peele's "Jests" to his known mode of life. "The Jest how George Peel was shaven and of the Revenge he took" figures Peele, says Mr. Bullen "as a shifty cozening companion, ever on the alert to bilk hostesses and tapsters, a sharking tosspot." "This," he says "is certainly not the character we should have imagined for him from an examination of his writings." He adds, "His verse was honest, but his life was wanton," but I am not very impressed thereby. While it may occasionally be possible to conceal one's character in one's writings, I regard it as highly improbable that any man of this type would conceive such noble sentiments as are consistently expressed in *Edward I*.

EDWARD IV.

We come now to a consideration of *Edward IV* attributed to Thos. Heywood, but also, and as unmistakeably as *Edward I*, the work of him who wrote "Shakespeare." The history of Heywood may similarly be dismissed in a few lines. It is not known when he was born or when he died. He was an actor in the Lord Admiral's company in 1598. In the "Address to the Reader" prefixed to his "English Traveller" he claims to have had a "main-finger" in the writing of no less than 220 plays. The quality of his work, says Mr. William A. Neilson, "is extremely uneven," Quite so! As in the case of Marlowe and Peele you are invited to believe that the same man that wrote a mass of doggerel wrote also *Edward IV*, which carries the hall-mark of "Shakespeare" in almost every line of it.

In his introduction to an edition of this play reprinted from the original of 1600, Mr. Barron Field writes that "though our great poet (Shakespeare) would doubtless have surpassed Heywood in the tragedy of the Shores, yet

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he could not well have excelled him in the manner in which he has dramatised the old ballad of "The King and the Tanner of Tamworth." The only difference then between Mr. Field and myself is this, that I think that the tragedy of the Shores is more finely done even than the tanner of Tamworth incident, and I think that our great poet was the author of the whole of it, whereas Mr. Field holds the, to me, impossible view that there lived at the same time, and that three hundred years ago, more than one man capable of literature equal to that which never since has been approached.

Although Heywood was, according to Neilson, alive in 1648, that is to say 22 years after Bacon's death, there is no work of his of any outstanding merit that was not published some time before Bacon's demise. Heywood appears to have been the only one of the apparent galaxy of literary masters who outlived Bacon. In the case of Marlowe, Peele, and Robert Greene, it was only some time after their respective deaths that plays at all comparable to the "Shakespeare" plays were published in their names. In the case of Shakspeare, we know that no play appeared as by him until after he had retired to his native village, and was therefore, to all intents and purposes, dead; for Stratford, in those days, so far as social intercourse with London is concerned, was farther from London than say Capetown is nowadays.

The following passages from Edward IV will enable you to judge for yourself of its Shakespearean character.

The Play opens at Grafton: enter King Edward, the Duchess of York, the Queen, Lord Howard and Sir Thos. Sellinger.

The Duchess is the King's mother, and she rates him soundly for having married a commoner, the widow of John Gray, though her mother was the Duchess of Bedford. Thus:—

O God! that e'er I liv'd to see this day. . . .
But tell me son, how will you answer this?
Is't possible your rash unlawful act
Should not breed mortal hate betwixt the realms?
What may the French King think when he shall hear

That whilst you send to entreat about his daughter,
 Basely you take a subject of your own?
 What may the princess Bona think of this?
 Our noble cousin Warwick, that great lord,
 That centre-shaking thunder-clap of war,
 That like a column propt the House of York,
 And bore our white rose bravely in his top,
 When he shall hear his embassy abused,
 In this but made an instrument by you,
 I know his soul will blush within his bosom,
 And shame will sit in scarlet on his brow,
 To have his honour touched with this foul blemish.

The King defends himself (in prose) as best he may from this tirade, and finally appeals to Tom Sellinger and his cousin Howard, and the latter says:—

My sovereign lord, with patience bear her spleen.
 Your princely mother's zeal is like a river,
 That from the free abundance of the waters
 Breaks out into this inundation.
 From her abundant care this rage proceeds,
 O'er-swoln with the extremity of love.

DUCHESS: Ay, ay, you are the spaniels of the court,
 And thus you fawn and soothe your wanton king, etc.

Having previously made a humble appeal in her own defence the new made Queen waxes at length a little wrath and replies to the Duchess:

DUCHESS: Yet, my lady York . . .
 Nay, I beseech your grace, my Lady York, . . .
 My mother is a duchess as you are,
 A princess born, the Duke of Bedford's wife,
 And as you know a daughter and a sister
 Unto the royal blood of Burgundy . . .
 And since his high imperial majesty
 Hath pleas'd to bless my poor dejected state,
 I here protest before the host of heaven, etc.

The altercation is interrupted by a Messenger who announces the revolt of Falconbridge in these words:—

My sovereign lord the bastard Falconbridge,
 Of late hath stirred rebellion in the south,
 Encouraging his forces to deliver,
 King Henry, late depos'd, out of the Tower.
 To him the malcontented commons flock,
 From every part of Sussex, Kent, and Essex,
 And, as is suppos'd by circumstance,
 Mean to take London, if not well defended.

KING: Well, let this Phaeton that is mounted thus,
 Look he sit surely or by England's George,
 I'll break his neck . . .

3 Methought I saw black discontent sit ever on his brow,
 And now I see I calculated well."

When Falconbridge and his men are come to the City gates we get this parley between him and the Mayor.

- MAYOR: What's he that beats thus at the City gates?
Commanding entrance as he were a king?
- FAL.: He that will have releasement for a King,
I, Thos. Neville, the Lord Falconbridge.
- MAYOR: We have no warrant Thomas Falconbridge,
To let your armed troops into our city,
Considering you have taken up these arms,
Against our sovereign and our country's peace.
- FAL.: I tell thee Mayor, and know he tells thee so,
That cometh armed in a King's defence,
That I crave entrance in King Henry's name.
In right of the true line of Lancaster.
Methinks that word, spoke from a Neville's mouth,
Should, like an earthquake, rend your chainéd gates,
And tear in pieces your portcullises.
I thunder it again into your ears,
You stout and brave courageous Londoners;
In Henry's name I crave my entrance in.

Matthew Shore, who takes a gallant part in the fighting that follows, on returning to his house finds his wife trembling.

- SHORE: Be not afraid sweetheart, the worst is past;
God have the praise, the victory is ours.
We have prevail'd; the rebels are repulsed,
And every street of London soundeth joy.
Can'st thou then gentle Jane be sad alone?
Why dost thou tremble now, when peril's past?
- JANE: I think upon the horror of the time.
But tell me why you fought so desperately?
- SHORE: First, to maintain King Edward's royalty;
Next to defend the city's liberty;
But chiefly Jane to keep thee from the soil
Of him that to my face did vow thy spoil.

There is another battle with the rebels, who are defeated, and the King arriving draws his sword and knights those who have chiefly distinguished themselves:—

- KING: Now tell me which is master Shore.
- MAYOR: This same my Lord;
And hand to hand he fought with Falconbridge.
- KING: Shore, kneel thou down. What call ye else his name?
- RECORDER: His name is Matthew Shore, my lord.
- KING: Shore!
Why kneel'st thou not, and at thy sovereign's hand
Receive thy right?
- SHORE: Pardon me gracious lord.
I do not stand contemptuous or despising
Such royal favour of my sovereign,
But to acknowledge mine unworthiness.
Far be it from the thought of Matthew Shore

That he should be advanced with Aldermen,
With our Lord Mayor, and our right grave Recorder.
If anything hath been performed by me,
That may deserve your Highness mean'st respect,
I have enough and I desire no more;
Then let me crave that I may have no more.

KING: Well, be it as thou wilt;
Some other way
We will devise to quittance thy deserts.

But unfortunately the King comes in contact with Shore's beautiful wife, becomes enamoured of her, and she becomes his paramour.

Time unfortunately prevents my describing the courtship of Shore's wife and her final surrender; how Shore wanders abroad and is finally to be hanged at the Tower owing to having been taken prisoner on board a ship that has sunk a French vessel, the captain not knowing that peace had been declared between England and France. As luck will have it, he and the crew are at the eleventh hour saved by the intervention of Shore's wife who, on the King's timely return from France, obtains a reprieve. All this is very beautifully told.

But I must give you a passage relating to the King's expedition to France: a passage that is as Shakespearean as is anything in "Shakespeare." In the effort to avoid further bloodshed a herald has been sent by Edward to the French King, Lewis, at the French King's palace.

LEWIS: Herald of England we are pleased to hear
What message thou hast brought us from thy King.
Prepare thyself and be advised in speech.

HERALD: Right gracious and most Christian King of France!
I come not to thy presence unprepared
To do the message of my royal liege,
Edward the Fourth, of England and of France,
The lawful King, and Lord of Ireland,
Whose puissant magnanimous breast incens'd,
Through manifest notorious injuries,
Offered by thee, King Lewis, and thy French,
Against his title to the throne of France,
And right in all these Dukedoms following,
Aquitaine, Anjou, Guyen, Aguileme,
Breathes forth by me, the organ of his speech,
Hostile defiance to thy realm and thee,
And trampling now upon the face of France,
With barbed horse and valiant armed foot,
Himself the leader of these martial troops
Bids thee to battle where and when thou dare'st,

Except thou make such restitution
 And yearly tribute on good hostages,
 As may content his just conceived wrath,
 And to this message answer I expect.
 LEWIS: Right peremptory is this embassy;
 And were my royal brother of England pleased
 To entertain those kind affections
 Wherewith we do embrace his amity
 Needless were all these thunder-threat'ning words,
 etc.
 He shall not need to waste by force of war
 Where peace shall yield him more than he can win.
 We covet peace and we will purchase it.

I must give you one other bit descriptive of the Constable of France who has been intriguing both against Lewis and King Edward.

KING ED.: But how took he the news?

LORD: 'Faith, ev'n as discontented as might be;

HOWARD: But being a more deep melancholist
 And sullener of temper than the Duke,
 He chews his malice, froths and fumes at mouth,
 Uttering but little more than what we gather,
 By his disturbed looks and rivell'd front;
 Saving that now and then his boiling passion,
 Damm'd up as in a furnace, finding vent,
 Breaks through his sever'd lips into short puffs,
 And then he mumbles forth a word or two,
 As doth a toothless monk when he's at matins.

KING: Oh! it was sport alone to note their carriage.
 Sport my lord! will you but hear me speak,
 And if I do not weary you with laughter,
 Ne'er trust Tom Sellinger more upon his word.

(A trumpet sounds).

KING: I pray thee peace: by this it should appear,
 One of their messengers is come. Go see.
 Upon my life we shall have some device
 Of new dissimulation. How now Tom?

SELL.: 'Tis as your highness did suppose my lord.
 Here is a messenger from Burgundy.

KING: Excellent good! admit him presently:
 And brother of France, let me entreat your grace,
 To stand aside a little in my tent,
 Lest finding us together he refrain
 To tell the message he is sent about;
 So sure I am persuaded we shall find
 Some notable piece of knavery set afoot.

LEWIS: With all my heart. Urge him speak loud enough,
 That I, my lord, may understand him too.

And so it goes: a princely play, every line of it. And despite Mr. Field's opinion as to the super-merit of the incident of the Tanner of Tamworth, which I have not time

to deal with, it goes better when the conversation is between the nobility, and to do with princely matters, than when descriptive of the citizens. The facile ease with which the nobility converse is of course characteristic of "Shakespeare" and one of the many compelling reasons that argue the writer to have been himself a nobleman and not the apprentice of a butcher.

One other point I think not unworthy of note is that after the death of Edward, when the Duke of Gloucester takes possession of the young princes, Edward and Richard, and puts them in the Tower, where they are murdered, he mentions, as you will remember the Lord Saye does in Henry VI, that it was built by Caesar. He says:

" . . . Caesar himself
That built the same, within it kept his court,
And many kings since him: the rooms are large
The building stately, and for strength beside,
It is the safest and the surest hold you have.

I think it very significant that this information about the Tower should be repeated in Richard III. It would seem as though the writer—whom we know from Lord Saye's speech in Henry VI had read Caesar's Commentaries—was much interested in the Tower and felt that the occasion warranted more emphasis of it as having been constructed by Caesar.

The passage from Richard III is as follows:—

- PRINCE: I do not like the tower of any place;
Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord?
BUCK.: He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which since succeeding ages have re-edified.
PRINCE: Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?
BUCK.: Upon record, my gracious lord.

As I said at the commencement, beyond the fact that he was an actor nothing is known of Heywood except what he himself tells us in the introduction to some of the works that were published as by him. In 1612 there appeared a prose work entitled "An Apology for Actors." In the preface of an edition thereof, prepared for the Shakespeare Society some one (unnamed) says:

'We have it on his own evidence in his Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas,' dated 1637, that Heywood was a native of Lincolnshire. In another tract he refers to 'the time of his residence

36 Missing Historical Plays.

at Cambridge,' and William Cartwright asserts that Heywood was 'a fellow of Peter House,' but no proof of that is forthcoming, and by at least one of his biographers it is categorically denied that he ever was at Peterhouse."

It is in "The English Traveller," published as by him in 1633 that he states that he had written the whole or parts of no fewer than 220 dramatic pieces, of which, however, not more than twenty-three passed through the Press. In his address "To the judicial Reader," prefixed to the "Apology for Actors," he observes "my pen hath seldome appeared in the presse till now"—a somewhat curious statement in view of the fact that already nine plays and a poem had been printed as by him. "In the same spirit of allowance," says the above-mentioned writer, we must accept certain other of his statements." But finally it is admitted that except for his being an actor, which is taken to be proved by references in Henslowe's Diary, nothing is known of him—neither where or when he was born nor where or when he died.

It is very clear to me that Heywood, like Marlowe and Shakspar, was another actor whose name was used to cloak the identity of the author of these marvellous plays, so obviously written by the same hand. Is it not curious that the only historical play by G. Peele should be Edward I; that the only historical play by Marlowe should be Edward II; that the only historical play by Heywood should be Edward IV; that the only historical play by Robert Greene should be Henry III;* and that the only anonymous historical play should be Edward III? The last mentioned play (admitted by many of the orthodox critics to be Shakespearean) is the only other play that is missing from the "Shakespeare" sequence.

Isn't it clear as a pikestaff that the reason why we do not find these plays in the folio edition of "Shakespeare" is because, having been attributed to other writers, they obviously could not be included in the list of those that were published—after his return to Stratford-on-Avon—as by Mr. William Shakespeare?

* Under the title of "The Hon. History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay."

THE NATURE POETS AND FRANCIS BACON.

By ALICIA A. LEITH.

"The world first wonders how any such thing should be possible—and, after it is found out, wonders again how the world should have missed it so long."

Francis Bacon (quoting *Titus Livius*).

"THE Wordsworth Age," it is said, created a new Era,—I suggest it effected a Renaissance of Art Poetical.

William Wordsworth, Leader; Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Percy Bysshe Shelley and John Keats, his fellow Light-bearers, lit, as I am prepared to show, their torches at the Beacon-Light of Elizabeth and James' reign, greatest of poets of his and all ages, Francis Bacon.

I am insistent that, in all the multitudinous work spent on the Nature Poets that important fact has remained untouched—*possibly* unguessed at.

Stopford Brooke, expert on English literature, who records the "splendour" of Bacon, "his literary merit," "the charm and fulness of thought of his poetic prose," claims Wordsworth "Poet of Nature and Man . . . even more of *Man*." Stopford Brooke says: "Nature is his Natural Philosophy. Philosophy of God, Nature and Man." That his observance of nature "was minute," and "The theme of his writing was the very heart of Man." Also that Wordsworth "found in Man"

"Object of delight,
Of pure imagination and of love."

Stopford Brooke also says: "Social and National Movement, Poor Laws," had his heart, while "Love of Liberty and hatred of oppression make him Poet of Mankind." Thus reflected, as in a mirror, on Wordsworth's heart and mind shines the golden splendour of Bacon's Soul. Even Wordsworth's faith that "only metrical method causes any difference between poetry

and prose' is redolent of Bacon's "poetical prose" and Shake-speare's blank verse.

Now, to further my proposition, let us put to the question Wordsworth's own tribute of great honour to Bacon, and confession of sympathy with, and understanding of, and devotion to and admiration and love for, Bacon; not only spoken by word, but acted out in deed. We will take first what he writes in his *Article on Education*. 1828:—

" 'Knowledge,' says Lord Bacon, 'is power, but surely not less for evil than for good.' Lord Bacon spoke like a philosopher, but they who have that maxim in their mouths have the least understanding of it."

A proof of how Wordsworth appreciated Bacon's thought, was one with it, how he understood, sympathised with Bacon. Again we get a proof of this in Wordsworth's choice of Motto for his "*Concerning the Convention of Cintra*." 1809:—

"Bitter and earnest writing must not hastily be condemned: for man cannot contend coldly, and without affection, about things which they hold dear and precious. A politic man may write from his brain, without touch and sense of his heart, as unto a speculation that appertaineth not unto him—but a feeling Christian will express in his words a character of zeal and of love."

Lord Bacon (Advert. touching the Controversy of the Church of England).

For proof of how high a value Wordsworth sets on Bacon, the placing him alongside Shakespeare, see the following:

In the 1st of III Vols. of *The Prose Works of William Wordsworth*, edited by Grosart, 1875 (Edw. Moxon), is *An Answer to the Letter of Mathetes, Advice to the Young*, in which occurs

"In the persons of Plato, Demosthenes and Homer, and in those of Shakespeare, Milton and Lord Bacon, were enshrined as much of the divinity of intellect as the inhabitants of this planet can hope will ever take up its abode among them."

(*Mathetes* was Professor John Wilson).

A fine argument in our favour, and one that should not be neglected comes from the mind of William Wordsworth, in Vol: III of the same work, under the Personal Remin-

iscences of the Poet communicated by Lady Richardson, p. 450-I:—

“Mr. Wordsworth spoke a good deal of the obscurity of men of genius in or near their own times.” “But the most singular thing,” continued he, “is that in all the writings of Bacon there is not one allusion to Shakespeare.”

In Knight's Edition of Wordsworth—is printed an extract made by Wordsworth from Bacon's “Essay of Death,” only yet another instance of his master's influence on him.

That he read Bacon, with reverence unmatched, from cover to cover, we have ample proof, and that Bacon and Shakespeare were in his mind linked.

Stopford Brooke finds no place more sacred than Wordsworth's grave in the green churchyard of Grasmere.

No monument marks the spot, only a simple head stone. He disliked monuments, but in the same III Vol. of his Prose works Lady Richardson records a beautiful exception, that all Baconians will appreciate.

“Wordsworth expressed his dislike to monuments in Churches. He made an exception in favour of those old knightly monuments. And he added: ‘I must also except another monument which once made a deep impression on my mind. It was in a small church, St. Alban's, and I once left London in the afternoon, so as to sleep at St. Alban's the first night and have a few hours of evening light to visit this church. It was before the invention of railways, and I determined I would always do the same; but the year after railways existed, and I have never been able to carry out my project again, all wandering is over. Well, I went to this small country church and, just opposite the door at which you enter, the figure of the great Lord Bacon, in pure white, was the first thing that presented itself. I went there to see his tomb, but I did not expect to see himself; and it impressed me deeply. There he was, a man whose fame extends over the whole civilised world, sitting calmly, age after age, in white robes of pure alabaster, in this small country church, seldom visited except by some stray traveller, he having desired to be interred in this spot to lie near his mother. On referring to Mallet's Life of Bacon, I see he mentions that he was privately buried at St. Michael's Church, near St. Alban's.* The spot that contains his remains, obscure, undistinguished, till the gratitude of a private man, formerly his servant (Sir Thomas Meautys) erected a monument to his name and memory.’ This makes it probable that the likeness is a correct one.”

* An error. Bacon's remains were not found there by the late Lord Verulam who searched.

Nowhere does Wordsworth suggest that the Effigy of *Shakespeare* pleased or inspired him. Nor does he confess to travelling to Stratford to visit it. What we do find is Wordsworth ever approaching near as may be to Bacon's heart's desire. That heart of philosophy that bade Nature be dissected, that itself plumbed the depth of Man's heart, that heart that found a garden the purest of all pleasures, that heart of "strong, clear powerful imagination," that heart that "describes man's mind as pictures do their body," that heart "equally skilled in Men and Nature," as Bishop Sprat records.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge offers Bacon perhaps the sweetest and finest homage, so plentifully showered on him by those *che sanno*:—

"Bacon with the language of the gods reads the minds of men."

Coleridge is the Master Mason, Brother of that craft that knew and knows Francis Bacon as everything beautiful and useful. "It is usefulness makes gods and men great," are the Great Master's emphatic words. Coleridge, intimate friend of Wordsworth, poured into the willing ear of that companion, there can be little doubt, all his own enthusiasm on the subject of Shakespeare and Bacon. Whether Wordsworth was admitted to the Mysteries of the Rosy Cross is I believe still a question. Coleridge owed much to Germany where Lessing and Goethe first brought the creative Natural philosophy of Shakespeare into prominence, and into worshipful Coleridge's admiration.

Coleridge's critical acumen found it quite impossible to busy itself over an ignorant peasant of Stratford when engaged on Shakespeare the Author.

The Good, the True, the Beautiful were to Coleridge as to Wordsworth one. Coleridge held imagination loyal to truth as Wordsworth did, and the loyalty of Shakespeare to truth he admired with all the fervour he was master of. He lectured, he wrote, on Shakespeare. "Incentred on a world of fact" he revelled in the creative Genius true to Nature and fact. Coleridge's Note Book in the British

Museum is a chaos of Fact.* It proves emphatically what has been so denied and unbelieved that poets, great as Coleridge, have, and *must* have basis of facts to work upon. "The Ancient Mariner" has its basis in fact: facts recorded in his Note Book by that imaginative of all imaginative Poets, Coleridge. A store house as useful to him as *The Promus*, another Note Book, proved to its compiler Francis Bacon, and which like Coleridge's lies open to inspection at the British Museum. For proof of Coleridge's adoration for his beloved The Author I quote the following from Lectures

"The Myriad Minded Man, our, and all men's Shakespeare."

"A great Poet—all other men's worlds are his chaos."

"Shakespeare is an author of all others to make readers better as well as wiser."

"Not only a great Poet but a great Philosopher."

"Make out your amplest catalogue of all the human faculties, as reason, or the moral law, the will, the feeling of the conscience of the two, . . . called the conscience, the understanding, or prudence, wit, fancy, imagination, judgment,—and then of the objects on which they are to be employed . . . the actual and the ideal of the human mind conceived as an individual or social being, as in innocence or in guilt . . . and then compare with Shakespeare under each of these heads all or any of the writers in prose and verse that have ever lived. Who that is competent to judge doubts the result? ask your own heart, your own common sense, to conceive this man being, I say not the drunken savage of Voltaire, but the anomalous, the wild, the irregular genius of our daily criticisms. What? are we to have miracles in sport? or, I speak reverently, does God chose idiots by whom to convey divine truths, to men?"

Have we ever had a better word than this in the absolute folly of the Stratfordian side of our subject? And a better brief for Bacon?

* See Road to Zanadu by J. L. Lowes.

Coleridge dwells on the great Author's

"Exquisite purity of Imagination."

"There is not a vicious passage in all Shakespeare."

"He surpasses all poets in purity of female characters."

"We are drawn away from ourselves to the music of noblest thought in harmonious sounds."

In his Notes on Hamlet, Coleridge records our Author's

"Minute knowledge of human nature."

"Passion in Shakespeare displays libertinism but involves morality."

Perhaps the best of all encomiums is the next:—

"The Morning Star, the Guide, the Pioneer of True Philosophy."

"I am convinced that without that acquaintance with the heart of man, or that docility and childlike gladness, to be made acquainted with it, of those who dare look into their own hearts and the modesty produced by it, I am deeply convinced no man, however wide his erudition, however patient his antiquarian researches, can possibly understand, or be worthy of understanding, the writings of Shakespeare."

"His genius reveals itself in his judgment, as in its most exalted form."

"Are the Plays of Shakespeare works of rude, uncultivated genius—or is the form equally admirable with the matter? And the judgment of the great Poet not less deserving of our wonder than his genius? No, the Spirit of Poetry, like all other living powers, must of necessity circumscribe itself by rules, were it only to unite power with Beauty. . . . Genius cannot be lawless."

And then what a transcendent line comes next:—

"Let me destroy the popular notion that he was a great Dramatist by mere instinct, that he grew immortal in his own despite . . . a sort of beautiful *lusus naturae*, a delightful monster. . . ."

"In all his characters we still feel ourselves communing with Nature."

"In all his 'splendid picture gallery we find individuality everywhere, mere portrait nowhere.'

And then comes a direct pointing of the finger to Francis Bacon, using Bacon's own profoundly philosophic, scientific terms "*The Universal and the Particular*,"

"That union and interpenetration of the universal and the particular which must ever pervade all works of decided and true science." Coleridge constantly expresses Bacon with masonic suppression of his name.

Coleridge daily read Shakespeare since he was ten years old, and says:

"Thirty years spent in study of Greek, Latin, English and Italian, Spanish and German *belle lettres*, the last fifteen far more intensely in the analysis of the laws of life, and reason, in Man; in every step I have made forward in taste, facts from history or observation, and in knowledge of laws of being, and their apparent exceptions, at every new accession of information, meditation and experience, I have unfailingly discovered a proportionate increase of wisdom and intuition in Shakespeare."

I don't think any one of us can better that. And when Coleridge says that *Love's Labour's Lost* is the earliest Work of his adored one, a boy fresh from school, and recent experiences, why, then, I think we have pretty well proved how Bacon was his Master in Nature, Poesy and Philosophy, and that the author he worships was not the rude peasant of a Warwickshire village; also that finest inspirations have their fresh springs since the age of ten in the genius of Francis Bacon.

Space forbids more of Coleridge. Now for Percy Bysshe Shelley. Again we go to the prose of a great Poet; these find extreme love and admiration for Francis Bacon.

Michael Rossetti* says "To write the Life of Shelley, is, if I may trust my own belief, to write the life of the greatest English Poet since Milton or possibly Shakespeare." Rossetti in Notes on *Hellas* quotes a paraphrase by Shelley of Bacon.

"Princes are like to heavenly bodies which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration but no rest."

Essay of Empire—Bacon.

"Kings are like stars: they rise and set; they have the worship of the world, but no repose."

Shelley.

Shelley † as I have before shown, extols Bacon as perhaps few extolled him before or since. He quotes him by name and without it, and paraphrases him in verse. Shelley when he was not reading Bacon's prose and the Immortal Plays, was reading Plato, whose "subtle logic and enthusiasm of Poetry," says Shelley, "is melted by the splendour and harmony of his periods into one irresistible stream of musical impression. His language is that of

* *Fly Leaves* No. 20, p. 462-473.

† Editor of Shelley's Poetical Works, 1878 (Moxon).

an immortal spirit rather than a man. Lord Bacon is perhaps the only writer who in these particulars can be compared to him." Bacon the Moralist was Shelley's admiration, he places him beside the greatest ancients and moderns. He says:

"It exceeds all imagination to conceive what would have been the condition of the world if neither Dante, Petrarch, Bocaccio, Chaucer, Calderon, Shakespeare, Lord Bacon or Milton had never existed." It would be well if all Shelley's "blinking owls" of his or our day imprinted these words on their foolish brains. Words which includes Francis Bacon's great name among the Poets of the world. Is it conceivable that a man who was Associates-Professor of English Language and Literature, in the University of Melbourne, called Archibald T. Strong, M.A., Litt.D. who wrote a Book "Three Studies in Shelley," published by the Oxford University Press 1921, dared to quote from Shelley the following without quoting what I have just quoted, the passage that contains *Bacon's name* as one of the *Poets of the World*.

"It is impossible to conceive what would have been the condition of the world had Dante, Shakespeare, Milton and other great poets never existed."

P. 37, *The Faith of Shelley*.

What hideous obscuration is this? *My* quotation is taken from William Michael Rossetti's Memoir, p. 97, who quotes from the same source as Strong, Shelley's *Defence of Poetry*, but with far different result.

Strong uses quotation marks, so he does not quote from memory but gives us Shelley's own words emasculated. Shorn of what is after all the splendid revelation that he, the great Poet accepts Francis Bacon not alone as equal to but as one of the greatest Poets the world has known?

The Oxford Press should be approached, and asked to explain this most extraordinary deviation as it seems from truth.

We would ask—have Shelley's own beautiful words been forgotten?

"Let us see the truth, whatever that may be."

Liberty, freedom from oppression, were Shelley's passion, he was one with his Master on that, as on so many other subjects. They were both champions of Humanity. "Bacon" says Rossetti "excited in Shelley the highest enthusiasm." In Shelley's *Essay of Poetry* we read: "His language has a sweet and majestic rhythm that satisfies the sense no less than the almost superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect. It is a strain which distends and then bursts the circumference of the reader's mind and pours itself together with it into the universal element with which it has perpetual sympathy."

"Lord Bacon was a Poet" is Shelley's perpetual cry. It is as true of Shelley that he was impregnated with Bacon's high thought as it is true of the other two Nature Poets.

"Shelley's morality and philosophy may be summed up in one word, LOVE" says Felix Rabbe in "Shelley the Man and the Poet," but it is love in its highest, most ideal acceptation, the shining of the everlasting Beauty in the soul of Man. . . the explanation of Life."

Bacon says Love is the fulfilling of the Law, and "Love is the most ancient of the gods . . . on whom all exquisite sympathies depend." "The Elder Cupid, not the mischief-maker."*

To Shelley "clouds passing over grass and flowers" wake sounds "sweet as a singing rain of silver dew," like the "Ethereal dew gathered from many flowers" that Francis Bacon writes about.

The violet is both Bacon's and Shelley's favourite flower. "Its sweetest smell in the air comes and goes like the warbling of music," says Shelley's Master Poet, Francis Bacon.

Shelley's last letter to his wife says he has found the translation to the Symposium.

Rossetti adds:

"One that endures through eternity, in which Socrates is a guest once more with Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, Bacon and how many others beloved by Shelley?"

* The Eros of London's pride and joy.

Shelley says Bacon's *Essay of Death* makes him a Poet, and: "I am content to see no further into futurity than Plato and Bacon," thus linking together the writers he loves really best. "When Death removes our clay coverings the mystery will be solved," he says, and again: "Death is the veil which those who live call life; they sleep and it is lifted." While great brow'd Verulam says:

"I have often thought upon Death and found it the least of evils . . . the soul having then shaken off her flesh doth then set up for herself."

Byron's fine praise of Shelley includes the following: "He formed himself a beau ideal of what is fine, high-minded, and noble, and he acted up to this ideal even to the very letter." It is Professor Stewart who says that Bacon exhausted every thing that philosophy and good sense have yet to offer on what has been called the *Beau Ideal*. In this we find a further sympathy, intimate and beautiful between Shelley and Bacon. Knowledge was to both Shelley and Bacon a sacred trust. Bacon says: "Knowledge is a rich Store House for the Glory of the Creator and the relief of Man's estate." Shelley says the same as Bacon, that Knowledge is not for gain, but for the use of Mankind. Human happiness and improvement were the passion of the souls of pupil and Master. "To defecate life of its misery and evil is to what Shelley dedicated every power of his soul-mind, every pulsation of his heart," says his wife Mary. "Man's weal was his one thought," and curiously enough that is the very word used by Bacon to express the "Philanthropia" he was born for.

"I have," says Shelley, "a passion for reforming the world," adding, "For my part I had rather be damned with Plato and Lord Bacon, than go to heaven with Paley and Malthus." Shelley's quotation from Bacon* on Death is too long and inaccurate to quote, but it once again proves that Shelley bore Bacon in his heart of hearts.

* Shelley's *Notes to Queen Mab*.

Shelley's Lyrics breathe our Shake-speare, so say his finest critics.

We must now let the Inceptor Shelley and his Apostle Bacon rest, and devote our study to John Keats, the nearest, it has been said, to Shakespeare of all our Poets.

I would suggest we shall all read Caroline F. E. Spurgeon's "Keats' Shakespeare," (Oxford University Press), and the markings on the Shakespeare Folio of Keats reproduced by her. On the very first page this Lady gives us quotations which move our very soul. Was there ever a disciple more ardent in spirit, in admiration, in devotion, in affection, than Keats for Our great Master? "I have great reason to be content, for thank God, I can read, and perhaps understand Shakespeare to his depths." "The best sort of Poetry—that is all I care for, all I live for."

Tom Taylor gives his witness to Keats' Shakespearolatry, "I have enjoyed Shakespeare more with Keats than with any other human creature." (Haydon's Journal in Memoirs of Haydon, by Tom Taylor, 1853.)

It was John Keats' beautiful belief that his own great Master was his good Genius, for he writes to Haydon:

"Things which I do half at random are afterwards confirmed by my judgment in a dozen features of propriety. Is it too daring to fancy Shakespeare this Pre-sider?" "The poetry of Shakespeare's soul" was for Keats "full of love and divine romance." How potent an influence our great Master exercised on Keats is strongly felt by Miss Spurgeon. "The quick invisible strings" of Peona's lute, the "dew-dropping melody," Endimion hears has its inspiration "in the marvellous sweet airs" of Prospero's enchanted Isle.

I leave the study of Keats and Shakespeare to those who can and will work it out for themselves, quoting something very important. Miss Spurgeon, pp. ii.

"I do not suggest for one moment that there is any plagiarism or imitation on the part of Keats, on the contrary, we have here a beautiful example of the creative stimulus and enrichment given by the mature imagination

of one great poet to the soaring and useful imagination of another."

"Keats and Shakespeare," says Miss Spurgeon, "had a very unusual, a very close, and subtle relationship, they were alike in certain qualities of mind and of art, a fact of which Keats was himself aware." And she adds Keats would have prized above all the verdict given by another great English Poet (Shelley) in answer to his assured reflection: "I think I shall be among the English poets after my death"—"He is, he is with Shakespeare."

And now let my conviction be echoed by all who read this inadequate Study of the Lake-land Poets, that without the inspiration of the One great Master of English Poetry, Francis Bacon, the Wordsworth Age could never have lifted its blazing torch so high: nor so gladdened and bettered the world. Its faithful devotion to the Spirit of Nature, to the service of Man, was owed to a Spring, welling up and stirring the surface of the Lake, stirring genius, imagination, soul, with divine Ver, *Ver Perpetuum*. Faithfully fulfilled was the mission committed; restoration of a too material world to devotion to Nature, knowledge of God and Man, and most tender worship of Beauty, Truth and Love.

BACON SOCIETY LECTURES.

On Thursday, 3rd March, at 6-30 p.m., the Annual Meeting of Members will be held to receive the Balance Sheet ending 31st December, 1931, and to elect the officers and Council of the Society for the current year. After this business is concluded, Mr. Howard Bridgewater will, at 7-30 p.m., give an address entitled "Does it Matter?" which will be a criticism of the oft-repeated question, when the problem of the authorship of the Great Plays is in question.

On April 7th, at 7-30 p.m., Mr. Bertram G. Theobald will lecture on "The Case for Francis Bacon as 'Shakespeare';" on 5th May at the same time, Miss Mabel Sennett will give what promises to be an interesting paper on "Hamlet: Still Another Point of View"; on June 2nd Mrs. Vernon Bayley will lecture on "The English Renaissance"; and on July 7th Mr. Henry Seymour will give "A Criticism of Bacon's Essay 'Of Love.'"

THE ORIGIN OF FREEMASONRY.

By LEWIS BIDDULPH.

THE origin of Freemasonry has until recent times been a subject of veiled secrecy, whilst some of its exponents have laid claim to its direct descent from hoary antiquity, others have as stoutly maintained its modern origin and have denied its connection or descent from any pre-existing orders or societies. This standpoint has been the general attitude and trend of opinion on the part of masonic enquirers during the latter end of the last and the beginning of the present century. The old traditions referring its origins back to the days of Abraham, Noah and Adam, have been ruthlessly plucked up and cast on to the rubbish heap together with the cherished traditions and semi-historical legends and myths of the ancients, including portions of our own scriptures. These opinions, however, were largely an accretion of the materialistic tendencies of the age through which we have been passing and a deeper and more sympathetic spirit of enquiry is now beginning to make itself apparent. The written history of Modern Freemasonry begins with Brother Anderson's book, published in 1723. This contains *Traditional History*, which is also repeated in Preston's *Illustrations of Masonry*, and it should be at once noted that the *traditional* founder of Freemasonry in Britain is Saint Alban the Martyr, of the ancient city of Verulam. It is now admitted by many Freemasons of authority that Modern Freemasonry links up with the past through the operative guilds of Masons whose records and marks are extant to this day, and the rituals of Speculative Masonry bear testimony to their ancestry. The only point which is still uncertain is as to when Speculative Masonry picked up the torch of the ancient operatives. This would appear to have been about 1640, but no regular records are in existence. The authority for this statement is found in Oliver's

50 The Origin of Freemasonry.

Discrepancies of Freemasonry, from which the following extract is taken à propos of the admittance of Eli Ashmole into Freemasonry as recorded in that Philosopher's diary in 1646 at Warrington. "Do any of you know that the Ashmolean Masonry is altogether ignored on the Continent of Europe?" the Surgeon enquired. "Bro. Frederick Nicolai has given it a decided contradiction," the skipper replied. "He says that the object of the meeting at Warrington, so far from being masonic, was simply for the purpose of carrying out a philosophical idea which had been promulgated by Lord Bacon in his *New Atlantis* of the model of a perfect Society, instituted for the secret purpose of interpreting Nature and of producing new Arts and marvellous inventions for the benefit of mankind, under the name of Solomon's House or the College of the six days' work, which in plain language was intended to be an ideal Society for the study of Natural Philosophy." The persons present are said by Nicolai to have been Rosicrucians "and we know this to be true of Ashmole himself. He asserts further that these men erected, in their Lodge, two great Pillars, which they called the Pillars of Hermes, in front of Solomon's House, and they used a chequered pavement, a ladder of seven staves or rounds, and many other secret symbols. And, as they held their subsequent meetings in Masons' Hall, London, they adopted the tools of working masons and this he says conclusively was the origin of Symbolical Masonry."

The above would seem to be fairly conclusive of the linking up of Speculative with Operative Masonry. But what is of greater interest to us in connection with the subject of this paper is the fact

- (1) That the origin is referred back to Lord Bacon's conception of the House of Solomon as related in his *New Atlantis*.
- (2) That all the persons present at Warrington Lodge meeting were *Rosicrucians*!

This is the first direct spoken evidence that we have of the connection of Lord Bacon with the Rosicrucians, but, as we shall see, there is a wealth of evidence to be

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found in his writings, both published during his lifetime and afterwards, pointing to him as the prime mover or agent behind the great movement of the end of the 16th and beginning of the 17th centuries for the renewal of knowledge which Baem believed to have existed in the past and which it was his aim to found again in the future.

His legend of the New Atlantis is vastly significant, for, although no doubt it refers to the newly re-discovered Continent of America, yet it cannot be doubted but that he had in mind the story related by Plato concerning the ancient Island of Atlantis, with its marvellous state of Civilisation and Sciences. The late learned Mr. Wigston, who was perhaps the most penetrating and profound of all students hitherto of the Shakespeare plays with regard to the true philosophical meaning half concealed and half revealed in them, draws attention to evidently purposed similarity in the account of the New Atlantis as written by Francis St. Alban and a voyage to the Land of the Rosicrucians as published by John Heydon some years later. The similarity between the two accounts is approximately textual, with no differences of any importance. Heydon, by all accounts, appears to have been a man of lofty aspirations, high moral character, learning and refinement, all of which lends much weight to the testimony afforded that "The New Atlantis is one of the Authentic Rosicrucian Documents which emanates, without a shadow of doubt, from the hand of Francis St. Alban and stamps him as one of the principal agents in the Rosicrucian movement." It should perhaps be here added that Heydon has always been considered as a genuine Rosicrucian Apologist and Member of the Order. When we turn to the Rosicrucian Manifestoes, the literary history and authorship of which was treated at some length in our paper on that subject last year, we shall find unmistakable traces of the same agent behind the scenes and directing or guiding the pen of the writer of the documents, whosoever he may have been. Modern critics and commentators have one and all failed to perceive the connection between "The Reformation of

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the Whole Wide World'' and the Fama Fraternitatis, which, it will be remembered, appeared in that order in the first edition of the famous Manifesto in 1614. It has been said and repeated that the Reformation is a comical satyre, showing the futility of any attempt to reform the World and is contradictory to the Fama and Confessio which seriously propose the World's Reformation and Restoration. But when we view these supposed contradictory documents in the light of Lord St. Alban's avowed plans and aims, all sense of contradiction vanishes and is replaced by perfect harmony.

The universal Reformation is a plan put forward by the God Apollo, who calls to his aid the seven wise men of Greece. The whole question is discussed, plans suggested and the age itself called for, examined and finally pronounced incurable. Does not this immediately bring to mind Lord St. Alban's censure of the methods of antiquity epitomised in the Philosophy of Aristotle, which our Author set aside as being *unfruitful* of results and in no wise fitted to advance Humanity. It should further be noted that these ancient sages are all *pre-Christian*. The attempt of pre-Christian philosophy and learning having thus been shown to be powerless to deal with the case, and the reputation of the ancients even being threatened, it follows quite naturally that the restoration or Renewal should be undertaken with some hope of success by the God-illuminated Father C.R.C. and his associates. The tone of the Fama & Confessio fits in with the avowed plan of Lord St. Alban, of whom Dr. Rawley, his chaplain and private secretary, wrote after his death (or withdrawal, as some suppose, from public life): "I have been induced to think that if ever there was a direct beam of knowledge from God upon any man, it was upon him." This sounds very similar to "our God-illuminated Father C.R.C."

A discordant note is struck in the ultra-protestant or Calvinistic tone of the Manifesto which condemns in round terms the Pope and Mohamed, but this no doubt was a necessary adjunct to attract the learned protestants

on the Continent of Europe, who had suffered so much at the hands of the Inquisition and the Turk. To return, however, to the text of the Fama; it would appear that there are some rebuses contained in the text which are worth examining. The following is a resumé of a solution which has been offered by two anonymous co-masons in a little work dealing with the Manifestoes. This little book has, of course, been treated with the usual contempt by those who are unable to accept any evidence which is not written down mathematically in black and white. Whether the suggestions put forward by the anonymous authors are correct or not, they, at any rate, deserve a sympathetic examination, for they are very suggestive.

The first point which I wish to put forward is the argument of the anonymous authors that the allegory of Christian Rosencreutz, as set forth in the Fama, is nothing more or less than a hint that the Rosicrucian Fraternity was the descendant of the mysteries by way of the Christian order of the Knight Templars, whom many asserted (chiefly their enemies) that they practised heathen rites and held pagan doctrines. So to quote our authors, "The insignia of the mysteries are to be found in the opening paragraphs (of the Fama).

- (1) In the identity in nature of man with God, so that finally man might understand his own nobleness and worth and why he is called microcosmos, and how far his knowledge extendeth in Nature.
- (2) The purpose of the Fraternity is declared to be the service of humanity "to such an intention of a general Reformation the most godly and highly illuminated Father and Brother C.R.C., the chief and original of the Fraternity hath much and longtime laboured." (This is very Baconian.)
- (3) The Reformation is General or Universal Knowledge of the nature of man; service of humanity and universality are the marks of the mysteries; knowledge and service of the wise men and the shepherds that find their way to the Divine child who gives the third sign or Universality."

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Taken in its broadest sense Christian Rosenkreutz represents the Christian mysteries or the mysteries of the Rose Cross. In the story of his life and death are told the history, fate and nature of the mysteries in Symbol and allegory.

C.R. was born of noble parents and by reason of his poverty was placed in a cloyster. The source of the mysteries is noble, though poor according to this world. To continue "upon his earnest desire and request, being yet in his growing years, C.R.C. was associated to a Brother P.A.L., who had determined to go to the Holy Land. . . . The brother died in Cyprus and so never came to Jerusalem." The Knight Templars made their last stand in the Island of Cyprus in 1307. The story is thus linked with the crushing of the Visible sign of the mysteries in the order of the Templars.

Perhaps it is only a coincidence, though students of Baemian literature know how often play upon letters, words and signs are in frequent evidence throughout its entire extent, but when the tomb of the Master was discovered, in his hand was discovered a manuscript marked T. His famous book, a translation from Arabic to Latin, was called M. and the brother with whom he was associated and in whose company he set out from the holy land, had the initials P.A.L. We thus have T M P A L, which are the principal letters in the name **TEMPLAR**. Let me again point out that P.A.L. and the Templars both came to their physical end in Cyprus.

To return to the Fama, "our Brother C.R.C. did not return, but shipped himself over and went to Damasco, minding to go to Jerusalem. But, by reason of the Feebleness of his body, he remained still there (Damasco) and became acquainted with the wise men of Damcar in Arabia and beheld what great wonders they wrought and how nature was discovered to them."

Note the apparently deliberate confusion of the names Damasco and Damcar, perhaps to draw attention to something; for it continues: "Hereby was the high and noble spirit of C.R.C. so stirred up that Jerusalem was

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not so much on his mind as Damasco, also he could not bridle his desires any longer, but made a league with the Arabians that they should carry him for a certain sum to Damcar."

Let us look at the words Damasco and Damcar. In the Confession it says "there do govern only wise and understanding men." The writer goes on, at page 48 of The English Confession, to speak of the magical language and writing which seems to be referred back to Adam and Enoch. The book of Enoch informs us that Enoch sat down by the River Dan and falls asleep when about to enter the presence of God. Now, according to Madame Blavatsky, in the Secret Doctrine, Dan is said to be the same as Dzyan, the secret and sacred wisdom.

Damasco and Damcar become intelligible as the city of the sacred wisdom, for the terminations "asco" and "car" represent the city and town of the Dan. The mysteries abode in the city of the sacred wisdom, Dan, in the land of the Initiates, Arabia, whose language is that of the inner Wisdom, in contrast to Latin and Greek, or external knowledge. "At Damcar the wise men received him not as a stranger, but as one whom they had long expected; they called him by his name and showed him other secrets out of his cloyster."

Whilst in Damcar, he translated the book M. out of Arabic into Latin. This appears to signify the handing over of the mysteries from the Ancient World to the Modern.

The Fraternity was a secret one, we find the members declaring that they are veiled from the sight of the vulgar by the clouds with which they are divinely concealed and can only be pierced by the sight of the Eagle (the symbol of the Divine Spirit).

Father C. R. C. thence travels westwards through Egypt, Morocco, Spain and so back to Germany. It is needless to say that his proffered aid to the learned is declined with scorn (witness Paracelsus his fate).

He then decides to associate with himself three of his former beloved cloyster brethren, viz., Bros. G.V.,

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Bro. I.A., and Bro. I.O., and, with their assistance, the House of the Holy Spirit is built. By these four was the beginning made and the magical writings and language made *Book M*. The labour was too heavy and four more were added to the number, viz., his cousin, R.C., also Bro. B., Bro. G.G., and Bro. P.D., their secretary.

We now come to a possible hint, very Baconian, of Identity of the Fraternity with the mysteries. Bro. I.O. was the first to die and in England. He was a great Cabalist, as witnessed his book called H, and he cured the young Earl of Norfolk of the leprosie. Here we have a curious coincidence, if nothing more. I.O.H.N., which is the name of the Beloved Apostle and the writer of the sacred book of the Revelations, admitted by all to be the greatest Book on the Mysteries. But we must pass on from this brief sketch, which is merely intended to suggest the connection, or rather the Identity, of the Rosicrucian Fraternity in a Christian Form with the Sacred Mysteries of the Ancient World.

An examination of the tomb of the Father C.R.C. would be highly interesting, but we cannot go into that matter this evening. We must now draw our threads together, linking up the Fraternity, as evidenced by its Manifestoes, with Francis Bacon.

We have seen, in the outset of our paper, that John Heydon, the Rosicrucian Apologist, unequivocally identifies

- (1) the land of the Rosicrucians with the New Atlantis.
- (2) We notice that the New Atlantis is discerned at a distance with banks of clouds veiling its summit, which is highly suggestive when compared with the statement that the Fraternity is veiled in clouds from the vulgar view.
- (3) The Universal Reformation by the Sages of Antiquity of the World under the Order of Apollo, can avail nothing; they must do the best they can to preserve their own reputations.

Francis Bacon declares the philosophy of the

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ancients as unfruitful for the advance of Learning and the conquest of nature. It will not avail to assist ignorant and suffering mankind.

- (4) The new learning and philosophy of the God-illuminated Father C.R.C. with its Magical Writing, Language and Axiomata which shall last as long as man himself shall last, which is the key of nature and goes hand in hand with the divine writings or Word of God, is to be the happy cure of the suffering and ignorance of mankind, that is to say, for all genuine seekers, but shall not be given to the unworthy.

Francis Bacon, by his survey of the sciences and state of learning in Europe and the New Method laid down in Axiomata (Nov. Org.) points out the road to a rebuilding of the House of Wisdom or Holy Spirit, for the benefit of mankind.

Like the Manifestoes of the Fraternity, he addressed his Treatise to the learned of Europe, but speaks of the double method of handing on Wisdom. It is not to be given out indiscriminately, but to the chosen student, the sons of wisdom. Over and over again does he reiterate that he chooses his reader for the reserved part of his teaching.

In places the similarity is almost textual in the Rosicrucian Manifestoes and Francis Bacon's writings.

In fact the evidence seems to be too strong to be overlooked, and yet all the *learned* critics have passed by on the other side. Their minds have been so occupied with the Idols of the Cave, the Market Place and the Theatre, and they have so earnestly been running after the red herring drawn across the trail by the concealed Author, that they have utterly failed to see further than the ends of their noses, and in a truly aristocratic manner have laboured and discussed non-essentials in the way of textual criticism and building on what previous writers have said or thought, instead of going straight to the heart of the matter.

Even the learned Mr. Waite has failed to solve the

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question, but, then, he is a mystic and has never studied the Baemian Philosophy and Mysteries.

There is one more point which merits our attention and that is the Rosicrucian seal.

The Cherub with the drooping wings, the motto:

“Under the shadow of thy Wings, Jehovah.”

This latter is the sign manual of the Rosicrucian Manifestoes, whilst we learn that their seal and mark was to be the word C. R. or R. C. (Rose Cross).

The former, viz., The New Atlantis, shows us as symbols of the House of Solomon.

- (1) A red cross borne on the Turban of the Inspector, and a golden Cherub with drooping wings over the canopy of the chair in which the Governor of Solomon's House was carried.

If we examine the printed books of that period and the next 20 or 30 years we shall find this emblem appearing in head pieces, undoubtedly linking up the work in which it appears with the secret Rosicrucian movement.

Whilst dealing with Rosicrucian emblems, we must not omit to make reference to the partly veiled allusions to the identity of Spiritual Alchemy and Poesy, on which Mr. Wigston has a good deal to say in his work on Bacon and Shakespeare, the Rosicrucian Mask. Michael Maier, whose connection with the Rosicrucian Order has always been admitted, makes this point clear, on page 158 of his *Themis Aurea*, published at Frankfort in 1618. I quote from Mr. Waite's translation of the passage: “I am no Augur nor Prophet, notwithstanding that once I partook of the Laurel and reposed a few brief hours in the shadow of the Parnassus. Nevertheless, if I err not, I have unfolded the significance of the characters R.C. in the Enigmas of the 6th Book of the Symbols of the Golden Table. R. signifies Pegasus, and C., if the sense not the sound be considered, Julium. Let the knowledge of the Arcana be the key to thee, so I give thee the Arcanum.

d. w m l. z ii. w. s g q q h k a. x.

open if thou canst. Is not this the hoof of the Red Lion, or the drops of the Hippocrene Fountain.”

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Mr. Waite continues: "Under this barbarous jargon lies an analogy to the Rose Symbolism. The Red Rose sprang from the blood of Adonis, and Pegasus, the winged horse of the Muses, sprang from the blood of Medusa, whilst the spring Helicon was opened by a blow from the hoof of Pegasus."

We may thus see the connection between the Brotherhood and its Members in the books of the period illustrated by yet another symbol, viz., Pegasus. This symbol, in conjunction with the caduceus of Hermes and the clasped hands, is to be found on the title page of the Apophthegms published in the Resuscitatio, 1671.

The Book of Emblems, published in 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death, contains a remarkable Rosicrucian symbol in conjunction with Francis Bacon, where he is represented as mounted on Pegasus, spurring at full speed to the heights.

A SAD VALEDICTORY FROM LOCARNO.

Writing from Villa Lux, Monti, Locarno, on the 17th January, the Princess Karadja, our much esteemed Vice-President, on the eve of our Annual Dinner, says:—

"Dear Mr. Seymour, I shall be with you in thought on the 22nd Jan. It is a regret for me to think that I shall never again see Canonbury Tower and the kind friends I used to meet there. Will you please transmit to them and specially to Miss Leith my greetings and Farewell! The state of my health excludes the possibility of my ever returning to England. Inflammation of the eyes has prevented me from reading any of the literature you so kindly have sent me, and there is not a single soul taking any interest in the Bacon theory out here, so that the magazines are unfortunately wasted, which is a great pity.

My wee fortune is invested in Sweden, so the fall of the Krona hits me very hard, so much the more as I defray practically all the expenses for our Society (the White Cross Union) out of my own pocket.

I am therefore RELUCTANTLY obliged to send in my resignation to the different societies to which I have hitherto belonged. I do it with the utmost regret and shall never cease to be with you in thought, though I am now "a broken reed."

Yours very sincerely,

MARY KARADJA.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SEARCH AT CHEPSTOW.

BY FRED HAMMOND.

TWENTY years ago the writer was intimately connected with the search made by Dr. Orville Owen at Chepstow for the alleged hidden MSS. of Francis Bacon.

A copy of the story Dr. Owen is said to have deciphered from the supplement to "The Arcadia" was given to him by the two English gentlemen who financed Dr. Owen's first venture.

This story states that the MSS. were brought from the River Usk in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Mr. H. S. Howard says 8 hours, but it matters very little whether the transport took 8 or 80 hours, if the MSS. were so transported.

The writer was employed by the Duke of Beaufort to assist and watch, and report, on all proceedings, and can say without any shadow of doubt that Dr. Owen never did, either first or last, find any place where Francis Bacon, or anyone else, had buried MSS., notwithstanding the assertion to the contrary made by Mr. H. S. Howard in the February number of *BACONIANA*.

It is a great pity that wild statements such as those in this article "Dr. Orville Owen's Miscalculations" should be published in *BACONIANA*. Apart from their utter uselessness, they are only likely to throw further discredit on Baconian research.

Four distinct attempts have been made to find hidden MSS. at Chepstow, all of which have failed.

The first attempt was in 1910 when Dr. Owen in collaboration with Dr. Prescott, of Boston, U.S.A., financed by the two English gentlemen mentioned, made a search in the rocks near Chepstow Castle for a cave, the entrance of which was supposed to be blocked up and masked by a mound. This proved a fiasco and Dr. Owen was taken to London and housed for some months in an expensive flat

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where he was supplied with all the Elizabethan books he required, and everything was done to assist him to prove his cypher. In this he failed. He either would not or could not do so.

The second attempt followed immediately after in 1911. Dr. Owen then claimed to have discovered that the MSS. were hidden in a RIFT in the bed of the River Wye. According to his story the river had been diverted by a dam of tree trunks and the cases of MSS. covered in "camlet cloth" and lead, had been placed in the rift "like eels in an eel trap" and covered down by arching the rift with a stone roof.

Dr. Owen and Dr. Prescott sought and obtained from the Duke of Beaufort (the owner of the river bed) the right to search, and so cajoled the Duke and his Agents that the expense of the work which followed was borne by the Duke.

The only direction or measurement available was that the structure was boat-like in shape, 30ft. by 10ft., and lay pointing N.E. by S.W.

The work which followed was described by the Newspaper Representatives who now came on the scene, and need not be repeated.

The difficulty of excavating shafts in the muddy bed of a tidal river may well be imagined. The work was carried on night and day as the tides served and close timbering was necessary in every shaft to prevent the mud from sliding into the excavations. Owing to the shortness of the time between low water and flood, only very slow progress could be made. The shafts of course filled with water each tide and had to be pumped out before excavation could be commenced by a large "Pulsometer" supplied with steam from a boiler on a floating pontoon.

Some eight or ten shafts were put down in this way, every one of which according to Dr. Owen contained evidence for which he was looking.

This adventure ended by the discovery of the ancient wood structure which had formed one of the "starling" foundations of the piers of a Roman Bridge.

Curiously this structure was almost exactly 30ft. long

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by 10ft. wide and its pointed boatlike, or cutwater, ends lay N.E. by S.W.

It was at about this time, August 1911, that the writer had a copy of the original American story handed to him.

Newspaper excitement now dried up; the weeks of mud-delving came to an end, and Dr. Owen spent his time reading three volume Novels, while he waited for other likely or unlikely places to be examined.

Then came the uncovering of a circular Well-like Cistern which had been constructed to collect and make available for the shipping, the fresh water from the notable "RILL" or spring of water which flows from the foot of the rock on which the Castle stands.

This spring runs naturally some feet below high water mark and could only be available at about half tide. The cistern surrounded by a platform of masonry allowed of the fresh water being reached at any state of the tide.

Curiously, the water side of this platform was shaped like a cutwater and pointed roughly N.E.

Truth, it is said, lies at the bottom of a well, and perhaps this is the discovery Mr. Howard refers to. The bottom of this well was explored, even to the removal of its foundation and destruction, but not the slightest trace was found of any receptacle, other than that for water, yet we are told that Francis Bacon had hidden his MSS. here and had later removed them.

A further "likely" place was explored after the old cistern had been destroyed, and with this the exploration of the river bed petered out and Dr. Owen returned to America.

It was about this time that the writer one idle afternoon thought he saw some agreement between Dr. Owen's original story and prominent features in the neighbourhood of the Castle.

There is, a very important cleft or RIFT in the rock on which the Castle stands, a portion of which is "arched over" to carry the Castle Cellar. It will be remembered that the river work was to discover a "rift" in the river bed which had been arched over to protect the MSS.

To explore the back of this rift under the Castle it was necessary to use long ladders and this could not be done without being observed. This examination was reported to Dr. Prescott, who was at Boston, and he came over unknown to the writer, and it now appears that Mr. H. S. Howard financed the venture. The ownership of the Castle had changed hands and the new owner, W. R. Lysaght, Esq. of Castleford, was bombarded with requests for permission to examine the cellar floor. This permission was time and again refused until it was reluctantly acceded to on representation of the effect of refusal on Dr. Prescott's health. As mentioned previously, a considerable portion of the floor of the cellar is carried by the arch turned over the rift below, the remainder of the floor is on solid rock, but this fact did not deter the explorers. It is notorious that excavation in bedded limestone rock will cause "step"-like ledges to be formed, and such steps were the only ones discovered. The work of making these steps proceeded until the walls of the Castle were in jeopardy and the exploring was stopped.

It is certain that this fiasco set the face of the owner of the Castle against further "treasure hunting."

This was the end of the third attempt. The fourth now moves to Piercefield Park, and House, where the writer of "Dr. Owen's Miscalculations" informs your readers that in 1924 by some mysterious juggling with "mad N N W" an old Paper Mill (more probably an old grist mill belonging to St. Arvans Grange) was found a mile away, to the N N W of Piercefield House. With the same "mad" direction, the burial place of soldiers killed during the Civil War in the fight at Offa's Dyke at Sedbury was partly excavated. This place is N N-East of Piercefield. We are told that a true angle is not a right angle, but mad N N W which surely is "the imagination of a lunatic" (see Mr. Howard's article in *BACONIANA*, p. 287, 38 line).

The Story said to have been decyphered in America by Dr. Owen from the Supplement to Sir Philip Sydney's "Arcadia" is as follows:—

5 "Just above where the Wye joins the Severn there is a

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“hill called Wasp Hill, on the top of which there are
“ruins of an old Watch Tower, near a Castle situated in a
“pretty Dell.

“There is a Clay-pit and near that a Rill.

“There are Broad Arrows cut in the wall and pointing
“to a Cave.

“The Cave is West from the Rill, or rather, the Rill is
“East from the mouth of the cave.

“You must lay the ladders to the walls and scale the
“walls cutting down on the inside.

“About 40ft. from the river you will find the cases which
“I took from my place on the Usk and placing them on a
“large barge I conveyed them by a Fishing Schooner to the
“hiding place which I reached in an hour and a half.

“I brought with me some stones from the Usk as there
“was a scarcity of stones at the place.

“I had to clear out the impedimenta from the cave and
“my assistants dug out more than was necessary, and ‘I
WAS mad.’

“This was in the court, pit, or vestibule of the cave.

“There were 66 boxes of books and manuscripts and one
“box which contained a gruesome object.

“I had to use pulleys and tackle and the handle of the
“last box broke letting the case fall and smash, but there
“was no time to ‘FIX IT’ and I pushed or rammed it in
“as it was and these books, &c., will probably be mouldy.

“Each book and MS. was wrapped in lead and put in a
“box or case lined with lead.

“I put a mound in front of the opening and made the
“cliffs around look as natural as possible.

“One of my assistants fell and was hurt. I went among
“the rose thorns and nettles and they had to come to my
“assistance.

“There was a large amount of ivy planted near and an
“oak, hemlock, and birch tree.

“The cliff was a face wall and the cave could not be seen
“except from one place across the river.”

(1) Situated on Tutshill on the Gloucestershire side of
the River Wye is an ancient “Tut” or Watchtower.

It was placed at the highest point reached by the Roman Road before it descended to the river crossing and commanded a wide view, not only of the crossing, but of the mouth of the river and the Severn beyond.

(2) Chepstow Castle is built on a limestone rock which is perpendicular on the river side, but on the land side has a dry ditch partly natural and partly excavated, known as "The Castle Dell."

(3) So far as can be ascertained Francis Bacon never had a "place on the Usk," but he was very friendly with William Vaughan, of Tretower, near Abergavenny. Assuming MSS. had been left in the care of William Vaughan it should be pointed out that the River Usk is not there navigable by a Fishing Schooner and that it would take very much more than 8 hours to transport cases of MSS. first by land and then by river to Chepstow.

(4) At the bend in the river Wye opposite the Castle is a large Clay-pit, now a deep pond. From this point a clear view can be obtained into the Rift under the Castle Cellar, which, owing to a huge out jutting rock cannot be seen from any other point.

(5) Almost opposite this point on the river bank is the site of the circular Cistern which was excavated by Dr. Owen, and there is no doubt this would be a notable "mark" in Francis Bacon's day.

(6) The absurdity of bringing "stones" from the Usk "as there was a scarcity of stone at the place" will be appreciated when it is realised that the banks of the Wye consist of limestone rock. (The insertion of this statement in the story rather shows that Dr. Owen was quite unacquainted with the Wye when he wrote it, or, that it has some other meaning).

(7) A fishing schooner or other small sailing vessel could lie in the "rift" under the Castle Cellar partly concealed by the out jutting rock, and "pulleys and tackle" would have to be used to hoist cases 200ft. or more from the vessel into the cellar above, in fact, it is evident this place was used for such purpose.

The anagram "seek Sir, A True Angle at Chepstow, F"

66 The Search at Chepstow.

was not part of Dr. Owen's story. This was sent Dr. Owen by an English gentleman while the digging in the river bed was in progress. The writer clearly remembers the letter containing it being opened in the breakfast room of the hotel where Dr. Owen was staying and the indifference with which it was received.

The significance of this anagram seems to lie in the complete use of every letter in the second line of the Introduction To The Reader in the first Edition of the Shakespeare Plays, and to the one letter left till the end, viz. :—(F) (Francis?)

Before setting out the writer's solution of the American story (arrived at from long association with the locality and intimate association with Dr. Owen) it seems necessary to give the reason why no attempt has yet been possible to examine the place to which the story seems to point. In the first place the Duke of Beaufort would not listen to any suggestion of further "hunting."

The subsequent and present owner would have no "treasure hunting" in the Castle, particularly after Dr. Prescott's fiasco in the Castle Cellar. This objection was becoming less, when Mr. H. Shafter Howard appeared in Piercefield Park flying the "Stars and Stripes" and other flags from poles stuck in high trees in full view of Mr. Lysaght's house to remind him of the mad N. N. W. wind and still madder Baconians.

Reconstructed, the American story might read as follows:—

"Just above where the Wye joins the Severn there is a hill called Tutshill, on the top of which are ruins of a Watchtower and nearby a Castle.

"There is a Clay-pit and near that a Rill (of water).

"There is a Rift (or cave) East from the rill, which owing to an out-jutting rock could not be seen except from one place across the river (the clay pit).

"I had to clear out impedimenta from the court or vestibule (of the hiding place).

"There are broad arrows cut in the walls and a walnut tree was planted to mark the spot.

(Broad Arrows and other marks are to be seen near the point in question and in no other part of the Castle).

If a line be drawn on the Ordnance Map from the Watch-tower on Tutshill to the point on the river bank near the clay-pit, and another at right angle past the Rill and through the Rift, the 2nd line points directly to Marten's Tower. The largest and most important tower of Chepstow Castle.

An examination of the curtain wall adjoining Martens Tower shows that a very wide archway has been walled up and on the stonework of this walling is an arrow mark pointing towards a wide doorway which is more than half buried and filled up.

On the door-jamb of the Oratory in Martens Tower is another arrow mark pointing in the same direction.

On the outside of the curtain wall at the same place are other marks.

The curtain walk is a very wide one and there can be no doubt whatever that under it was a passage leading towards the tower to which the filled up doorway gave access.

To what did this passage lead?

If to a chamber in the curtain wall, or the tower, what better or more ideal hiding place for MSS? At any rate preferable to a hidden cave, a rift in a river bed, or the bottom of a well.

A fact which may have some bearing is that Chepstow Castle was preserved after the Civil War, was garrisoned, and used as the prison of Henry Marten the regicide.

Apart altogether from any prospect there may be of finding hidden manuscripts, the opening up of the above mentioned walled up archways might lead to some extremely interesting archæological discoveries.

THE "ARBOUR IN THE WILDERNESS."

BY HAROLD SHAFTER HOWARD.

KING: Hast thou pen, ink and paper ready, Lodwick?

LOD.: Ready, my liege.

KING: Then in the summer arbour sit by me,
Make it our council house or cabinet.

Edward III.

IN Owen Feltham's Essays (which are too Baconian for connoisseurs in this research to miss), there is a statement to the effect that, "Honour had become a by-word among men,—and they have moved the temple of honour to an arbour in the wilderness, which it will be difficult, in this labyrinth, to find."

I think it is very likely that Bacon had the Piercefield Wood in mind in this reference (if it is rightly inferred as unmistakably his), for there is a couple of gate-pillars at "Temple Doors," in St. Arvans, Monmouthshire, to this day, and the ancient maps show there was a Temple there, just above the adjacent cliff. In Sir Edward Durning-Lawrence's "Bacon is Shakespeare" the picture of Bacon seated at the foot of a cliff may well be that cliff, for the figure in a goat-skin (an actor) is taking the book to the Temple. There is no sign of a Temple at Temple Doors to-day, but the ancient maps show it used to be in precisely the position shown in the "Bacon is Shakespeare" picture.

The Grotto to which I referred in my Harvard College Class (1900) Report a year ago, is probably the "arbour in the wilderness," about a mile and half from the Temple Doors to-day, which is (if my imagination serves me rightly—and we are enjoined to use imagination in this research in one of Bacon's pseudonymous writings cited in my last article, where he says: "A powerful imagination brings about the event"), constructed of some of the stones from the "removed temple." The rest of the stones of the temple, he would have used as he says he did the stones of the foundation of the old building (in my camp)

The "Arbour in the Wilderness." 69

in making the underground bulwark of clay and large hewn stones. That bulwark is of such extensive width and depth that sixty-four weeks' work with my small team could not get far enough to reach the vault entrances. (We spent over a third of that time in camp improvements).

Mr. C. W. Hopper's 42nd Sonnet to Shakespeare, (in his collection of 150), is printed below. I expect he wrote it at St. Albans. It applies even better at the Arcadian site, at the end of an "aisle of beeches," of my camp in St. Arvans Township, in Piercefield Wood, "North North West" of Chepstow Castle).

"We have no temple but the woods."

As You Like It.

"The lonely hollow of the silent wood,
On which a darkness rests as of night,
Felt like a vast cathedral to my mood.
Roofed with thick leafage which at some dim height,
Above the branching rafters veiled the light,
Nature's dark aisles framed by tall beeches stood.
Chancel and nave, as if some solemn rite,
Impended in that woodland solitude.
Suddenly the sweet anthem of a bird
Broke on the startled air, and while this rang
A host of hidden choristers I heard.
Chanting melodious praise, as if they sang
Of some triumphant purpose, true and strong,
Nature's own voice inspired that heaven-born song."

The context of the heading reads: "A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt, for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts."

Those who think Bacon had a hand in the King James version of the Bible, should read in this connection, Rev. XXI., 22: "And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it." (Incidentally, you may find in Baedekers' map of the Wye Valley, at the "S" in the Wye River, the "Grotto" written on the map, and, in the description of the site the "Apostles Rocks" are referred to. My camp is directly above them, on a height that, on the northside, is very like the Heights of Abraham, near Quebec.)

If the Bacon MSS. (66 boxes) when disinterred (and I think it may take two years' work over a period of three

70 The "Arbour in the Wilderness."

years to accomplish this, working eight months a year), reveal that the Owen Feltham Essays are really Bacon's, my idea that the "Grotto" may be the "Arbour in the Wilderness" *will not then* seem too preposterous to be true. We may then recall the words this "Alexander Hermann the Great of Literary Legerdemain," (as we may call him in this phase of his multiple activities), put into Puck's mouth, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream":

"And those things do best please me
That befall preposterously."

I have opened this article with a quotation from "Edward III."—from citations therefrom which appeared in BACONIANA, No. 78, on pages 257 and 258. in Mr. Howard Bridgewater's excellent article, "The Missing Historical Plays of 'Shakespeare.'" You will note that the King calls his poet into the "Arbour." Only a few lines further on, (on page 258), when describing his inamorata to the poet, he enjoins him to "fly his pitch above the soar of praise."

"For flattery fear thou not to be convicted;
For were thy admiration *TEN TIMES* more,
TEN TIMES TEN thousand more the worth exceeds."

In those last two lines I have italicized the words, *TEN TIMES TEN TIMES TEN*, because the cipher measurement reads: " $2 \times 10 \times 10$ ", which is very like it, and because the measurement applies with precision at the Grotto, no less than the "pitch above the soar of praise" applied to "Margot."*

* *Vide*: page 149, "The Prince of Poets," by Gen. Hickson.

“COMPOSITA SOLVANTUR.”

THAT’S WHY.

BY GUY VAN ESBROECK, M.A.

AMONGST the most powerful objections of any persons newly acquainted with Baconian arguments, you find the following:

“*Why did Bacon conceal himself as the author of the “Shakespeare plays?”*”

“Mere fashion of those days? This is not strong enough a reason. A genial writer always craves after fame. The greater his genius, the more he rejoices in its being known to all living men.”

“Besides, Bacon edited the Folio when retired: at that time his public life was hopelessly broken; surely he would care no longer for being known as a writer of plays.”

“Why did Bacon even ask his friends to keep his identity concealed? For he must have had some friends to help him publish the Folio.”

Mr. Alfred Dodd, who has just published *the first masonic revelations* about Bacon in his remarkable edition of the “Sonnets,” tells us of a wish left to the Brothers, to have them wait three hundred years.

Of course, this concerns first of all the life tragedy of Francis and his being a Tudor.

The fact is the real authorship of the Plays was to be and has been kept as secret as the royal birth story; Mr. Dodd accounts for this by a desire not to let the blotted name of Bacon stain the reputation of the Plays.

This opinion may reflect something of the truth, but the real reason must be much more important to counter-balance the longing after fame.

The real reason will come clearly to your mind if you consider the deciphered texts of Mrs. Gallup and Dr. Owen.

There you will find, that Francis’ life work was not his

Plays but his own history concealed by means of his *Word-Cypher*.

The Biliteral Cypher was used as a means to point at the “*Great Cypher*.”

This great cypher was liable to be discovered even in case every Brother should die without leaving any one in the secret, and in case every copy of the original editions should be lost.

The fact that Dr. Owen decyphered this hidden history before the directions given in Biliteral were found proves beyond doubt that some one could find Bacon’s secrets even after thousands of years, provided only he would have some copy of the works of Spenser, Greene, Peele, Marlowe, Burton, Shakespeare and Bacon.

It is for the sake of the Great Cypher that Francis wrote so profusely. And his pen was so drilled that when he came to the age of fifty, his mature productions proved to be the most wonderful Plays the world has ever seen.

The Great Cypher was so much Francis’ *Pet Child*, that he designed his monument to fit in with the Cypher text:

COMPOSITA SOLVANTUR

is to be read: “HIS WRITINGS BE SOLVED,” i.e., decyphered.

The typical statue shows him seated: “SIC SEDEBAT,” and the first line of his word cypher (the letter to the decypherer) begins:

MY DEAR SIR,

THUS LEANING ON MINE ELBOW
I BEGIN

Now, here is my point: If Bacon had been known as the author of the Plays, then there was no mystery left to prick the curiosity of following generations; and such curiosity was absolutely necessary to give his Word-Cypher literature any chance of being unearthed.

The works of Spenser, Greene, Peele, Marlowe and Burton, were not remarkable enough, and their fake-authors were nearly all university men; no very serious doubts would rise about them.

But the Immortal Plays were so beyond compare even with master-pieces of Rome and Greece, and their fake-author was so beneath any literary standing, that a problem was bound to remain about “Shakespeare.”

And this “Shakespeare problem,” despite all mysteries was never conclusively to be solved, unless the only piece of evidence which lied buried in the Cypher texts, was discovered.

Thus, if any searcher hits upon this evidence and finds that Francis Bacon wrote the Shakespeare Plays, he will discover at the same time that this Francis was not a Bacon but a Tudor.

The great ambition of Bacon’s life, was to be known to future ages as a Tudor. To this purpose he published so much matter under so many mantles. His genial Plays were but the last links of that extraordinary achievement: his “Great Cypher.”

His desire of being known as the author of the Shakespeare Plays was not so great as his desire to shine forth to future generations as a Prince, a Tudor, who contrived to acquaint them of his Real Name and of the full History of his Times without being suspected of so doing whilst alive.

Without the Shakespeare Mystery, no Dr. Owen would have struck upon the idea of collecting phrases and passages on similar subjects throughout the immense variety of literature published under Spenser’s, Greene’s, Peele’s, Marlowe’s and Burton’s names, besides the open works bearing the name of Bacon.

If Bacon had failed to conceal himself as the author of the Plays, he could have doubted of his Future Fame.

Whilst he created this mystery, he felt sure his writings would be deciphered some day.

Composita solvantur: that’s why.

ROYAL CYPHERS OR MONOGRAMS.

BY PERCY WALTERS.

I THINK that the following explanation of the three hieroglyphical devices found on the cover of certain MSS., bearing evidence of Francis Bacon's handiwork, may be of interest.

In his "Promus of Formularies," Bacon entered the sentence "Princes have a Cypher," so it follows that if he were a Prince, the son of Queen Elizabeth, and heir to the throne, he would surely wish to design his own Royal Cypher, or Monogram, as the Kings before him, had done; but for obvious reasons he could not, at the time, make use of it, and also the design must be cryptic.

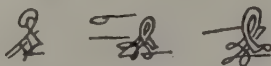
This Cypher, I believe, is indicated on the cover of the collection of papers, known as the Northumberland MSS., a facsimile of which was published in "A Conference of Pleasure," by F. J. Burgoyne (1904).

The writing, or rather scribbling, is in a contemporary hand, agreed by Mr. Spedding to be of the Elizabethan period. At the top of this cover we find the following,

Mr. Ffrauncis Bacon

of Tribute or giving what is dew

and immediately beneath, are three distinct designs of a monogram, the third figure being the final and completed form, which I take to be Bacon's royal Cypher, and which he had intended to use later on, following his signature.



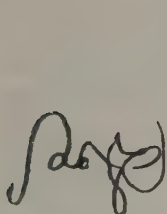
The three progressive forms I feel sure are given as clues to the hidden meaning of the device.

The first figure clearly shews the form of a horn (=cornu), but with a part of it omitted, also the letter F. The second gives the horn completely formed and F.R.A. entwined, while above it, indicated separately, the small letter b, appears, which is an indication of the letter now found included in the two final figures, but intentionally hidden by the use of a small b., we thus have—F. R. A. Bacon, forming the Cypher.

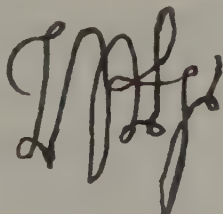
In numerous cases the horn has been found to be Bacon's

Royal Cyphers or Monograms. 75

symbol for the latter part of his name, especially in the headpieces, scattered throughout many dramatic and other publications, in which Bacon's work, whole or in part, has been discovered. It is also mentioned on page 136 of "Love's Labour's Lost" (1623).



(RICHARD III., REX.)



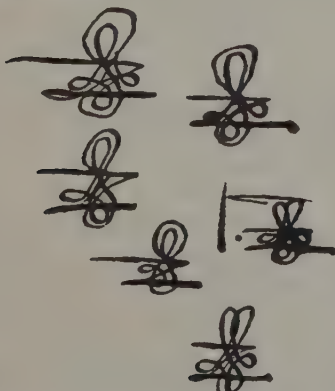
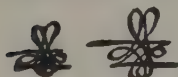
(HENRY VII.)



(HENRY VIII.)

Included are some other illustrations of royal Cyphers, for comparison.

I have not yet been able to discover that this exact device of Bacon's appears anywhere else, but on the title page of a law book, annotated by him, entitled "Les Tenures de Monsieur Littleton" (1591), there are several similar forms, although not quite identical.



FULL-SIZE FACSIMILE OF
WRITTEN ORNAMENT
IN "LES TENURES DE
MONSIEUR LITTLETON,"
ANNOTATED
BY FRANCIS BACON.

These are evidently designed by the same hand as the others, and we may consider them all as representing Bacon's royal Cypher, in somewhat various styles.

THE INTERROGATORIES OF FRANCIS BACON.

II.

Lunae 19^o die Martii, 1620.

A MESSAGE was sent to the Lords by Sir *Robert Phillips*, to desire a Conference touching the Lord Chancellor and the Bishop of *Landaff*, being petition'd against by *Awbrey* and *Egerton*.

Sir *Robert Phillips* reports that the Lords had agreed to a Conference.

Mr. Secretary *Calvert* brings a Message from the King, that this Parliament hath sat a long time, and *Easter* is near come, and thinks it is fit there should be a Cessation for a time; yet the King will appoint no time, but leaves it to yourselves.

But for the beginning again, he thinketh the 10th of *April* a fit time, but will appoint none; only he would have you take care that there be no Impediment in the Subsidies.

The King also took notice of the Complaints against the Lord Chancellor, for which he was sorry, for it hath always been his Care to have placed the best; but no Man can prevent such Accidents. But his Comfort was, that the House was careful to preserve his Honour.

And his Majesty thought not fit to have the Affair hang long in suspense; therefore would not have anything to hinder it.

But for the Furtherance thereof, he proposed a Commission of six of the higher House, and twelve of the lower House, to examine it on Oath.

This Proposition if we liked well, he would send the like to the Lords, and this he thought might be done during this Cessation: and tho' he hoped the Chancellor was free, yet if he should be found guilty, he doubted not but you would do him Justice.

Sir *Edward Coke* said, We should take heed the Commission do not hinder the Manner of our Parliamentary Proceedings.

The Answer return'd to the King was, To render him Thanks for the first Part of his gracious Message.

And for the second, we desired that the like Message may be sent to the Lords, for there being so great a Concurrence betwixt us, we may have Conference with them about it.

And then Adjourn'd, &c.

Martis 20^o die Martii, 1620.

Sir *Edward Giles* made a Motion that one *Churchil* should be called in.

Whereupon there was a Petition of one *Montacute, Wood, &c.*, against the Lord Chancellor for taking 300*l.* of the Lady *Wharton*, and making Orders, &c., which was read.

Churchil and *Keeling* were said to be Witnesses, and a Committee was appointed to examine them.

Sir *Robert Phillips* reports from the Conference, that according to the Commandment of this House he had deliver'd those Heads which were agreed on at the Conference Yesterday; excusing himself if he had failed in any Point.

Interrogatories of Francis Bacon. 77

That the Lords accepted it with a great deal of Affection, as sensible of the Wrongs done to the Commonwealth; and return'd Answer by the Lord Treasurer: *First*, By way of Question, Whether we would not reduce them into Writing. *Resolv'd* No, for no Cause; this only consisting of two or three Points, clear and plain: and as for the Letters and other things which the Lords desir'd, we would acquaint the House, and doubted not but it would be yielded.

The Lords further return'd for Answer, That they would proceed in this Matter with Care, Diligence and Expedition.

A Message from the Lords to signify that they have taken into Consideration the last Conference, and shall need the Testimony of two Members of this House; and therefore desire, that voluntarily, and without ordering, as private Persons, they make Declaration upon Oath, and the like for others if occasion were.

The Answer return'd was, That the Gentlemen would attend voluntarily as private Gentlemen, and upon private Notice be examined.

Sir *Robert Phillips* reports from the Committee appointed to examine *Churchil*; from which Particular a General may be extracted, conducing to the Discovery of Corruption in the Lord Chancellor.

The Lady *Wharton* having a Cause depending in Chancery, many Orders were made in it.

Amongst the rest, there was an Order made for the Dismission of the Bill, by the consent of the Council on both sides; which my Lady disliking, took *Churchil* the Register into her Coach, and carry'd him to my Lord Chancellor's, and so wrought that he was willing not to enter the last Order; so that my Lady was left at liberty to prosecute it in Chancery, brought it to a Hearing, and at length got a Decree.

Keeling being examin'd, saith, That near about the time of passing this Decree, my Lady took an hundred Pound (he saw it) and she made him set down the Words and Style which she should use in the Delivery of it.

Then she goes to *York-house*, and deliver'd it to my Lord Chancellor, as she told him.

She carry'd it in a Purse.

My Lord asked her, *What she had in her Hand?* She reply'd, *A Purse of my own making*, and presented it to him; who took it and said, *What Lord could refuse a Purse of so fair a Lady's Working.*

After this my Lord made a Decree for her, but it was not perfected; but 200*l.* more being given (one *Gardiner* being present) her Decree had Life.

But after the giving of the 200*l.* because she had not 200*l.* ready in Money, one *Shute* dealt with her to convey the Land to my Lord Chancellor and his Heirs, reserving an Estate to herself for Life: But she knowing no Reason to disinherit her own Children, asked *Keeling* her Man what he thought of it; he (like an honest Servant) was against it.

Shute knowing this, sets upon *Keeling*, and brings him to be willing my Lady should do it, with Power of Revocation upon the Payment of 200*l.* but that not being liked, they made a shift to pay 200*l.* in a reasonable time.

Keeling lets fall some Speeches, as if he had left *York-house* for the Corruption which was there, which he himself knew in part.

Gardiner, *Keeling's* Man, confirm'd the Payment of the 300*l.* for the Decree, viz., 100*l.* before, and 200*l.* after.

This purchas'd Decree being lately damn'd again by my Lord Chancellor, was the Cause of this Complaint.

Keeling saith, Sir *John Trevor* did present my Lord Chancellor with 100*l.* by the Hands of Sir *Richard Young*, for a final End to this Cause.

Sir *Richard Young* answer'd, That when he attended my Lord Chancellor, Sir *John Trevor's* Man brought a Cabinet and a Letter to my Lord Chancellor, and entreated me to deliver it, which I did openly; and this was openly done, and this was all I knew of it.

Sir *Edward Coke*. Strange to me that this Money should be thus openly deliver'd, and that one *Gardiner* should be present at the Payment of the 200*l.*

Ordeved,

That Sir *Robert Phillips* do deliver to the Lords this Afternoon the Bishop of *Landaff* and *Awbrey's* Letters, and all other Writings that he hath.

And then Adjourn'd, &c.

OBITUARY.

It is with deep regret that I have to record the death of one of the most earnest and disinterested soldiers in the Bacon movement, and one of the Society's Vice-Presidents, Mr. Parker Woodward. Born on June 8th, 1854, a son of Mr. John George Woodward and Mary Parker, his wife, he exhibited early a genius for analysis, which ultimately found its expression in the study of law. He was educated in London, and took honours at a Final Law Examination in 1875. He was admitted as Solicitor on Jan. 7th, 1876. He was a prominent Free-Mason and became Clerk to the Hucknall Urban District Council. During the war he was Chairman of the Munitions Tribunal for Nottingham, and was Vice-Chairman to the Court of Referees. He was also a manager of the Nottingham Savings Bank. He was author of the Handbook to the Law of Designs Registration; President of the Nottingham Incorporated Law Society; also of the Nottingham Subscription Library. In sport, he was the president of the St. Anne's Bowling Green, Nottingham.

He married Maria Elizabeth, sister of the late Alderman John Renals, of Nottingham, and he died on May 10th, 1931.

To readers of his voluminous articles in *BACONIANA* since its inception, and of his other painstaking works around the great Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, no word need be said here in commendation or in gratitude. These writings speak for themselves, not only for the help he thus afforded those of us who knew and loved him, but for those who come after and who will be quickened by the labour and zeal he so lavishly bestowed on the greatest of all literary problems that has ever arisen or is likely to arise in the history of language and letters.

Requiescat in pace.

HENRY SEYMOUR.

BOOK NOTICES.

BRUCKNERS ELISABETH-DRAMA. By Hofrat Alfred Weber-Ebenhof. Franzmathes Verlag, Frankfurt a.M.

Ferdinand Bruckner is the pen name of Herr Theodor Tagger, who recently wrote a five-act drama called *Elisabeth von England*, which was played extensively for some considerable time in Germany. This drama is largely based on the work of Lytton Strachey, and is equally false to history in giving a misleading impression of the relations between Elizabeth and Essex. Interviewed while on a visit to England, Bruckner expressed the opinion that a playwright was not obliged to confine himself to historical truth. In order to counter the effects of this drama on public opinion, Hofrat Alfred Weber-Ebenhof, founder of the Austrian Bacon-Shakespeare Society, and known to many of our readers by his energetic writings on the subject, has issued a little book showing up the absurdity of Bruckner's position, and giving the true interpretation of the whole matter. A very useful piece of work, for which our thanks are due to our colleague in Vienna.

B.G.T.

THE PERSONAL POEMS OF FRANCIS BACON (our Shake-speare), the son of Queen Elizabeth. By Alfred Dodd (Liverpool, *Daily Post*," 2s. 6d.).

Probably the most conclusive interpretation of Shakespeare's Sonnets ever published. A few years ago, the author was an ardent Stratfordian, but having made the Sonnets a special study, and being a Freemason he discovered, by concealed signs in the text itself, that Francis Bacon was the first Grand Master of that Order and that the Sonnets were published by him, not in the sequence in which they were written, but purposely transposed until future wits should find their correct order and thereby elicit the true story of the poet's royal birth whose life and intense sorrow are so eloquently laid bare, when read in their correct sequence. This little book must be read and re-read by Baconians, and no sketchy reference to it can pretend to indicate its great value as an addition to the literature of the subject.

EXIT SHAKSPERE. By Bertram G. Theobald, B.A. (Cecil Palmer, London, 2s.).

We know of no other small book dealing with the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy that covers the main ground so learnedly and so convincingly as Mr. Theobald's last book. No Baconian should be without it, as a ready weapon to literally slay the frauds, pretences, and ignorance on which the Stratfordian tradition is founded. Contemporary evidence, which has been stupidly misconstrued and perverted, is plentifully set forth and placed in its true perspective. There are four illustrations (1) The alleged handwriting of Shakespere, (2) The faked Stratford Monument, (3) The original Monument in Stratford Church from which No. 2 is supposed to have been "copied," (4) A facsimile reproduction of the title page of the "First Folio," 1623, shewing the portrait to be a *Mask* only.

BEN JONSON AND THE FIRST FOLIO. By W. Lansdown Goldsworthy. Cecil Palmer, London.

A most interesting contribution by the author of "Shakespeare's Heraldic Emblems: their Origin and Meaning," which dives into the curious hints and positive commitments of rare Ben as to the real, though disguised authorship of the "Shakespeare" plays. It is particularly a description and explanation of the inner meaning of Jonson's topical play—*The Staple of News*, which, called as it was, a "literary" play, suggests its satirical character and was written to provide contemporary evidence, we should imagine, that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, and not the Earl of Oxford, as some modernists, ignorant of this play, have swallowed the red-herring whole, as was probably expected—human credulity being proverbially boundless. The *First Folio* and *De Augmentis* were brought out together and must be estimated together, as the former was only a dramatization of the other. As Mr. Goldsworthy says, "Ben Jonson probably felt doubly interested in those works, since it is said he helped to edit the former, and to translate into Latin the latter."

HAMLET ON THE DIAL STAGE. By Natalie Rice Clark. Paris: Librairie Ancienne Honoré Champion, 5, Quai Malaquais, VIe, 1931. Cloth gilt, 470 pp.

This is a further remarkable volume by Mrs. Clark, following up her *Bacon's Dial in Shakespeare*, published in 1922, in which she outlined her wonderful cypher disclosures in reference to the First Folio as a whole. In this volume, she concentrates the application of this cypher to the tragedy of *Hamlet* in which she shews that the author "gave reality to the people of his imagination by using, as he wrote, an actual miniature stage or board, upon which he moved his figures that represented the characters in the play."

The authoress discovered the hidden key to this Dial and Compass Cypher in Bacon's *Abecedarium Naturae* (The Alphabet of Nature), issued in Latin and English in BACONIANA (1679) the ascribed editor "T.T.," like that of the "Sonnets," being supposed as T. Tenison, Archbishop.

The miniature stage is called the Dial stage because the markings upon it are those of two dials linked together, a compass dial and a clock dial. To the divisions upon this diagram the playwright gave descriptive titles suggesting a mimic world through which the characters are made to journey.

Hamlet contains many obscure passages which are made clear in the light of these cypher indications. Interest, as the authoress says, is quite as strongly roused in the re-appearance of the dramatic groups. One may see, thus automatically recorded, and now shewn again after 300 years, the very stage groupings in which the author himself beheld Ophelia and her father, the Queen and Guildenstern watching Horatio and the uneasy King, at the moment when Hamlet steps implacably toward the King-murderer, in the play within the play. To me, says, Mrs. Clark, it is a thrilling experience.

Mrs. Clark pays a tribute of gratitude to many of her personal friends for their help in the preparation of this work, and in parti-

cular to the constant helpfulness and wise advice of her husband, Professor Frank Lowry Clark. The price of the volume, with the model Dial stage and puppets included, is £1 10s.

A STUDY OF THE ILIAD IN TRANSLATION. By Frank Lowry Clark. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, U.S.A.

This volume of 354 pp., beautifully bound in cloth, is unpriced, and will specially appeal to those of our readers who are versed in Greek. Dr. Clark is a Professor of Greek at the Miami University, and has brought a wealth of understanding to bear on the history of civilizations, of which he believes the Greeks stand at the beginning of the development of European and American civilization and that their literature forms an ideal introduction to the study of literature in general, inasmuch as they were the first to differentiate clearly the great types of literature: epic, lyric, and dramatic poetry; history, oratory, and the philosophical dialogue. The scope of the book is far too large for a passing notice, but for those who are interested in this larger work of literature we warmly commend it for perusal.

THE KEY TO SHAKESPEARE. By Th. T. Naae, B.S., M.D. Totines Press, Graettinger, Iowa.

A most sensational beacon—light of Baconian research, if it be true. The author recounts his visit to Old Navarre. The place which was once the scene of the ancient court in all its splendours is still (or was less than 10 years ago) in a fair state of preservation, situated in a secluded spot on a level, elevated tract of land, hemmed in on all sides by high cliffs and mountains. The interior of the Palace contains many rooms, halls, and corridors, such as are to be found in medieval structures of this kind, and after traversing these I came upon a room, he says, which seemed to be very seldom opened. I was curious to see what this room had been used for, and on enquiry found it was the one which the King and his Courtiers had used for a lecture room where learned discourses on occult arts, letters and sciences used to be given. Ponderous tomes, yellow with age, lay about, and evidently had not been opened for centuries. One large book, which shewed great wear from much use, yet was in a good state of preservation, 'Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Historie; and Tragedies.' The picture, or figure, on the title-page appeared as like one I had seen hanging on the wall of the room. On inspection the two were identical. I examined the painted picture closely. The body of the coat was dark green with a shaded band across the chest on each side while the inkle or tape used for trimming was made of red and white. On very close examination I discovered that the head of the figure was removable and could be raised up in front, like a lid hinged at the top. Looking at this intently and wondering why this was so, I discovered something like a letter sticking out from under the head, and by raising it the letter came plainly into view. . . . I pulled the letter out and found that the writing was quite plain, and seemed to have remained untouched and unopened for generations. The letter was addressed to the King of Navarre and read as follows:

I thought it good and meet to explain certain things to you that are hidden from the common view, in order, that you may the better understand, and therefore the more fully comprehend and enjoy his book and this Figure. He hath taken great pains to deliver this Painting and his Book safely into your hands by his trusting Lords Biron and Dumain; and he doth hope that you will be in perfect health when these presents are delivered into your hands for safe keeping for the good of all nations, etc. From De Augustinis Place, this XXIXth day of April, 1623.

Your Lordship's most humble Servant,

WILLIAM ARGONE.

A postscript to the letter is printed as a Prologue to the book, in which the removal of the head is pointed out as revealing the *key*—the large B which does service for a collar, partly concealed. Instructions further indicate the remaining letters—FR.—ACON to reveal the author's name.

If these asseverations are to be confirmed they are of first-rate importance, and the line in Act 3 of *Love's Labors Lost*. "Take this key, give enlargement to the swaine, bring him festinately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love," has a peculiar significance.

Who, of our readers, will visit Navarre for a corroboration?

SIR EDWARD CLARKE, P.C., K.C., ON SHAKESPEARE'S IDENTITY.

Being a privately issued challenge to the University of Oxford presenting Counsel's Opinion upon the evidence submitted, together with some remarks on the replies of the 21 Heads of Colleges. By J. Denham Parsons (Author of *Hampshire Men of War, &c.*). 1s. 6d. 45, Sutton Court Road, Chiswick, London, W.

To those who have closely studied the various numerical cyphers in the First Folio, this pamphlet will specially appeal. For many years the author, who is trained in the subtleties of mathematical cyphers, has been fighting, single-handed, to get a recognition of his original researches in relation to the Bacon-Shakespeare authorship-problem, not only in the press, but with the Trustees of the British Museum and other important institutions, without much avail. Since he approached the late Sir Edward Clarke, the famous lawyer, as to the convincing evidence of the cypher contained in the epitaph of the Bard in Stratford Church, the Heads of Colleges and many other authorities still refrain from committing themselves to a definite opinion on the subject, but cautiously reply that they "do not feel qualified to express an opinion," and to similar purport. The gist of Sir Edward Clarke's Opinion is that "*he had now examined every part of the epitaph, and the results obtained had proved beyond the possibility of doubt that the whole of the matter engraved had been prepared with the object of placing upon the monument to William Shakespeare the statement that the works attributed to him were not really his, but that the true author was Francis Bacon. This was, of course, no evidence that the statement was true.*" We advise every reader to procure a copy of this important pamphlet.

H.S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CENONE AND PARIS.

TO THE EDITORS OF "BACONIANA."

Dear Sirs,—*Cenone and Paris*, issued in 1594 with a Dedication by T.H., was a travesty of 'Venus and Adonis,' as 'The True Roman Tragedy,' issued in 1608 by T.H., was a travesty of 'Lucrece.' There are indications that Bacon wrote both. T.H. in the Simple Latin cabala is 26 or Fra B (S), and there are 26 letters in the Latin words in italics in the Dedication. The numerical value of these words, *Apelles. Opere magis elaborato*, is 253(S) associating the name of Francis Bacon, 100 (S), with the title of the work 'Venus and Adonis,' 153 (S).

From the opening words 'To the courteous' to the end there are 1,002 letters in the Dedication, but in the centre the peculiar bracket in the word 'the': t[he] indicates that 2 should be deducted leaving 1,000 to embody the cipher-statement. Interpreted by the Simple English cabala this runs as follows—

Francis-Bacon penned this at-Gray's-Inn he-alone	387
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between; width: 100%;"> 100 55 54 121 57 </div>	
and-he-also penned Venus-and-Adonis and Lucrece	
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between; width: 100%;"> 75 55 153 18 64 </div>	365
in William Shakespeare's name.	
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between; width: 100%;"> 22 74 103 18 31 </div>	248
	1000

Yours truly,
R. L. HEINIG.

THE CROWN OF DENMARK.

TO THE EDITORS OF "BACONIANA."

Dear Sirs,—

<p><i>Hamlet.</i></p> <p>The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit; I cannot live to hear the news from England; But I do prophecy the election lights On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice; So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less, Which have solicited.—The rest is silence.</p>	<p>O, I die, Horatio;</p>
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Hamlet V-2.

An interesting discussion on the rights of Claudius and Hamlet to the throne of Denmark has appeared in the columns of *The Sunday Times* and of the allusion to the "election" of Fortinbras in Hamlet's last words. The following letter, which appeared in the issue of June 21st, 1931, is significant:

Sir,—Your correspondents who discuss Hamlet's 'rights' to the crown of Denmark are all mistaken when they consider this crown to be hereditary. The Kings of Denmark were elected by a Parliament of nobles who could choose any member of the royal line.

This state of affairs lasted until 1660, when Frederick III. made the Danish monarchy hereditary by a coup d'état.

Shakespeare must have known that the Crown of Denmark was elective, and "Hamlet" describes the political conditions in Denmark very correctly.

PAUL WEDEN,

Colliome, Pyrenees Orientales, France.

Earlier in the same scene, Hamlet has complained to Horatio that Claudius had "Popp'd in between the election and my hopes."

The Stratfordians are faced with difficulty enough in trying to account for Shakespeare's knowledge of *English* state affairs and court etiquette. Not even a "doubtless" will help the "authorities" out of such a fix.

Yours, etc.,

R. L. EAGLE.

THE CRYPTIC LATIN INSCRIPTION AT CANONBURY.

TO THE EDITORS OF "BACONIANA."

Dear Sirs,—In BACONIANA, No. 68 (March, 1925), Mr. Henry Seymour described this inscription, with its illuminating anagram.

One interesting fact escaped his notice: each line of this text is a *perfect latin verse*, and, what is more, the rhythm of the verse has been used to suggest the true nature of the incomplete word "FR—, as in order to complete the verse there should be two syllables in this word,—the first a long one, the second a short one,—which evidently points to the name FRANCIS.

The discrepancies between the 1811 version as recorded by Nelson, and the present text, were also noticed. From the rhythm of the verses we can determine the former as the most correct one,—excepting, however, "Hen tert" in the second verse, which should read "Hen tertius" as at present.

Now, is it not peculiarly significant that, after correcting the inscription according to these remarks, we find *the number of letters reaches exactly 287*?

It is worth noting that the last "dystic" did not suffer any change at all between 1811 and this day, as if the re-writers knew about the anagram in the nineteenth century.

Here follows our corrected stanza, with its rhythm indicated by a bold letter at each long metrically stressed syllable:

Will. Con. Will. Rufus. Hen. Stephanus. Heng' Secundus
 Rl. Iohn. Hen. Tertius. Ed. terni. Ricq' Secundus
 Hen. tres. Ed. binl. Ri. Ternus. Septimus Henry
 Octavus. post hunc. Edw. Sext. Regina Maria
 Elizabetha soror. succedit. Francis. Iacobus
 Subsequitur Charolus. qui longo tempore vivat!
 Mors tua, Mors Christi, Fraus Mundi, Gloria Coeli
 Et dolor Inferni, sint meditanda tibi.

The wish of long life to King Charles sounds sarcastic, under the pen of those very people who probably founded the "Invisible College" and helped the unfortunate King to the block.

Yours, etc.,

GUY VAN ESBROECK, M.A.

Brussels, Belgium.

MR. SHAW ASSAYS MR. SHAKSPERE.

TO THE EDITORS OF "BACONIANA."

Dear Sirs,—Mr. Chesterton's Assay of Mr. Shaw in *The New York Times Magazine* of July 26th says: Even his boasts betray his limitations! "When a man normally sensible, like Bernard Shaw, writes, 'I know no man, with the possible exception of Homer, for whose intellect, when I compare it with my own, I have more contempt than Shakespeare,' we only smile very faintly. It is really too funny to be funny. Shaw probably could not read Homer's poetry, because it is in Greek. Also, he could not read Shakespeare's poetry, because it is in poetry. And he had never taught himself to read poems, but only to read pamphlets."

In regard to Homer's suffering in translation, we have only to turn to page 284 of Feb. BACONIANA (No. 78), (Mr. Nickson's article citing Cervantes, as masking Bacon), where this quotation from *Don Quixote* occurs, following Mr. Nickson's observation, "Here is a conversation of the author on the difficulty of translating poetry from one language to another":—

"A misfortune to all those who presume to translate verses, since their utmost wit and industry can never enable them to preserve the natural beauties and genius that shine in the original."

Now, as to Shaw's waggishness, is it not on in full force in the statement concerning "Shakespeare," meaning, of course, Mr. Shakspere. Is it half as strong as Bacon was forever putting it?

Here are samples: "What a thrice double ass was I to take this drunkard for a God, and worship this dull fool."

Is it really "too funny to be funny," if Mr. Shaw is in on the secret, and Mr. Chesterton not? Take this:

"I am not only witty myself, but a cause of wit in other men." As Bacon tells us in cipher that Sirs John Falstaff and Toby Belch are often used by him as caricatures of Shaxper, that last quotation also fits.

What about "Sogliardo," with his coat of arms? Did not Shaxper have yellow in his coat of arms? Could he eat pork "without mustard?" The coat of arms is unquestioned as to right of descent from an Earl of Warwick, on one side of his family (see the Countess of Warwick's Warwick Castle and its Earls), but who ever heard of a coat of arms being the prime requisite of genius?

I am afraid Shaw's ability to *keep* his tongue in his cheek without disclosing WHY, is as masterful as that of Francis Bacon himself.

Who's backward in regard to true oral tradition in this case, if not Mr. Chesterton?

"If we wish to know the force of human genius, we should read Shakespeare. If we wish to see the insignificance of human learning, we may study his commentators."—*Hazlitt*.

"Amérique du Nord,"

H. S. HOWARD.

July and 26th, 1931.

FURTHER INDICATIONS OF BACON'S AUTHORSHIP.

TO THE EDITORS OF "BACONIANA."

Sirs,—So many proofs appear continuously in confirmation of Bacon's authorship that if all were gathered together the result would be overwhelming. A picture of the Mariner's Monument at *Laboe*, near Kiel (Germany) was in our paper here and it had just 33 windows in the front tower, eight sets of 3 and then 4 and then 5 = 33, which always indicates *Bacon*. The name *Laboe* struck me, since it had the same letters slightly transposed as *Labeo* and employed to indicate Bacon by Ben Johnson and Marston. In my Chambers' *Book of Days* I came on a link connecting Bacon with Primandaye, "author" of *The French Academy*. The note in More's *Utopia* states that it was the foundation of Paley's *Natural Theology*. The article claimed Bernard Nieuwentyl, of Holland, as the author of the book entitled *The Religious Philosopher* which was translated into English by Mr. Chamberlayne of the Royal Society in 1718. It contained the incident of the Watch and the two books compared were word for word alike. Now this Nieuwentyl came of lowly parentage and was considered a dunce by his neighbours, but when other countries, as France and Germany, wanted him to come and take a position in one of their high seats of learning and receive a title, he refused and expressed his wish just to stay quietly in North Holland, and continue to write. I suggest that he had been supplied with the MS. of Bacon to bring out for the further advancement of learning. The taking of this up so much later by Paley (who gave no credit to him) was also done to give to a later age a book that had fallen into disuse, as the article cited said it had after a decided success in its day. If Paley's edition is virtually the same as Primandaye's, as the note referred to says it was, then the latter must be like Nieuwentyl's, and then, of course, Bacon's, as that was like the *Utopia*; and further, *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, which is now granted by the best scholars to be Bacon's, and Bodenham's *Theater of the Little World* (which Begley proves Bacon wrote) is also another of these books for advancing learning. I find so many things in my books which piece so wonderfully together and point to Bacon's authorship. It is interesting work, but seems to come to nothing for the want of methodical treatment. But BACONIANA has now so many inspiring articles, and they will be such a help as "tables of reference" in the future, when all comes out in the light of day.

Sincerely,

Brookline, Mass., U.S.A.

MABEL COMSTOCK.

A LETTER OF REGRET.

Oranjezicht, Cape Town,
2nd April, 1931.

H. Seymour, Esq.

Dear Sir,—Your letter of 6th March, which reached me by last Monday's Mail, was indeed a pleasant surprise. It is very gratifying to me to have been unanimously elected by the members of the Bacon Society as their President for the current year. But I find myself somewhat in the same position as that described by you

in your letter of Lord Sydenham of Combe. I too, am 81, and the few years which may still be there for me will be entirely occupied with an undertaking at which I have been busy for some time, and hope I may be spared to complete ere it is too late.

Under these circumstances I feel that I shall not be in the position of being able to devote any portion of my time to the interests of our Society, or do justice to the promotion of the great work on which it is engaged, and to the important cause which it has made its own.

Sensible as I am of the honour which my fellow members have done me, for which I tender them my cordial thanks, I find myself, to my great regret, unable to accept the honourable and important position to which I have been elected.

With every good wish for the continued growth and welfare of our Society,

I am, yours very faithfully,
J. G. KOTZE.

THE NUMBER THIRTY-THREE.

TO THE EDITORS OF "BACONIANA."

Dear Sirs, Mr. Seymour's convincing discovery of the identity of "Mr. W. H." of the sonnets dedication, and his deciphering by clock-cipher of Bacon's signature in the initial letters of the dedication in your issue of December, 1929, led me to examine the entry of the Sonnets at Stationer's Hall as quoted by Mr. Seymour—"A Booke called Shakespeares Sonnettes V.j.d."

Now, in the Elizabethan alphabet of 24 letters, *V* represents 20, *j*—19, *d*—4=33. Possibly all entries give information and should be searched for corroborative evidence. In the same entry I found further confirmation of a new set of signatures which I have been identifying for the past four years, and hope some day to offer for criticism. Mr. Royal-Dawson's convincing and interesting letter in your last issue gives further light on the use of these entries as signatures.

Yours truly,
MARGARET A. WHITE.

Weybridge, Surrey.

BACONIAN ACTIVITIES IN GERMANY.

Dear Mr. Seymour,—With the enclosed card I have pleasure in sending you a brief report of the first German Bacon Society, which was inaugurated on April 23rd, 1929, at Weimer in the Nietzsche Archive—that of our late well-known Philosopher and Baconian, Friedrich Nietzsche. There have existed here for many years a good number of Baconians, but the pre-eminent influence of the German "Shakespeare" Society, with its centre at Weimer, which is antagonistic to the Baconians, none had the moral courage to start a Bacon Society. After I had settled down here by my lectures given sometimes in public and in the Nietzsche Archive, as well as at my house, Frau Dr. Förster Nietzsche and I noticed that the number of Baconians increased, and we thereupon invited these and "Shakespeareans" as well to the Nietzsche Archive on April 23rd, 1929, at which time the Annual General Meeting of

Shakespearians was taking place in Weimer, and made the effort to organize a Bacon Society, when about 25 persons signed their names in the circulating list. Dr. Fleisschhauer, the distinguished lawyer from Dresden and well-known Baconian gave an impressive address on "The Poet Shakespeare—a Jurist." Following on, the members found that Weimer was the right place for the Bacon Society, as all the important literary societies—the Goethe, Schiller, Dante, Shakespeare, etc., have their centre here, besides many other Societies of Music and Art, and because the Jena University joins with Weimer, more or less, with Weimer by their Annual Meetings.

The representative officers of the German Bacon Society were elected and the Statute registered, and in the autumn of 1930 the title of "German Bacon Society" was chosen, and the decision made to have it incorporated. We did not deem it essential to publish a special magazine at the outset, but thought it a more prudent course to endow the Society, by fixed yearly contributions by members, a financial foundation for future activities. Besides, we were not obliged to incur the great expense of issuing a Society magazine because a well-known magazine in Southern Germany freely accepts Baconian articles from my pen; and we account this a great exception, since all other similar publications refuse any contributions of a Baconian caste. The editor, Mr. Niels Kampmann, formerly in Heidelberg, now in Baden—a University place, is keenly interested in the Bacon problem, and prints in his magazine "Zeitschrift für Menschenkunde" our articles and reports of our Society's doings from our Secretary, Dr. O. Altpeter. And all well-known Professors and Scientists from all parts of Germany contribute to this magazine on Psychology, Philosophy, Literature, etc., so that it has a large as well as an influential circulation, while our little band of devoted Baconians get the advantage of this without the risks so often attending the launching of a new paper.

We are, therefore, as you will see, working independently of the new *German Baconiana*, which has been started at Frankfurt. I am sending you, also, an article on "Francis Bacon in Italy," which Miss A. A. Leith, of your Society in England, inspired me to write, after reading her visit in the Barberino Library at Rome. But *this* article was published in one of Mr. Kampmann's other magazines which only deals with subjects regarding Italy. I even won converts by "Italien," several of its readers, who never would have looked at a journal, having become interested and now begin to *think* of Bacon-Shakespeare-Tudor for the first time, as they write to me.

We have in our Statutes a paragraph which forbids any attack by lectures or writing upon the Shakespeare Society, meeting here with the committees of all literary societies and will live in peace with them in the hope that Baconians and Shakespearians will, in due time, meet on common ground in the true understanding.

My thanks are due for the regularity with which the highly interesting English *Baconiana*, and also Miss Leith's journal *Fly-Leaves*, reaches me, for which, please give my kindly regards to her and believe me, dear Mr. Seymour, very sincerely yours,

A. DEVENTER V. KUNOW.

P.S.—Mrs. Dr. Förster Nietzsche sends her best regards to you.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

It has been pointed out since the last issue that Herr Ludwig Mathy is not the actual Editor of the German periodical *Baconiana*, but one of its moving spirits and learned contributors, and we hasten to correct the error.

By another error, due not to ignorance but to carelessness, we issued the last *BACONIANA* as a continuation of Vol 20, whereas it had been our intention to close Vol 20 with the preceding number, and to commence Vol 21 with No. 78. But it escaped our attention before it was too late to correct, and so, we propose to let it stand and issue a supplementary index page to be pasted to Vol. 20 already issued, and commence Vol. 21 with the present number.

Concerning the important letter of Mr. Walters on another page, in which it is emphasized that all princes have a private cypher to confirm the validity of matters to which it is attached, I would like to say that I have, in my library, a copy of the original (1599) edition of "*The First Part of the Life and raigne of King Henrie the IIII*," alleged to have been written by "I.H." (John Hayward, Kt.), but unquestionably written by Francis Bacon, as the latter's letter of a later date to the Earl of Devonshire plainly shews. The copy in question has upon its title-page a cypher monogram, done by hand, almost identical with those submitted by Mr. Walters; from which I infer that this copy was one of Francis Bacon's gift copies of the work—from which the memorable "Shakespeare" play of *Richard II*, was drawn. The interesting point in connection with this prose account of Henry IV (three-fourths of which is devoted to the life of Richard II) and "Shakespeare's" play of Richard II is that the latter was published in 1597 anonymously (in common with all the other quartos since ascribed to "Shakespeare") when Queen Elizabeth became so enraged at its publication—as calculated to excite sedition—that she not only sent out armed officers of the law to find out and arrest the hidden author, but enjoined Francis Bacon, as her Solicitor-Extraordinary, to use his utmost efforts to the same end. Shortly after this, a new edition of *Richard II*. was published with the ascription "William Shake-speare" on its title-page as author! This quarto was dated 1598.

Was this a direct challenge to the Queen? Or was it rather a clever way for Francis to save his Bacon? The adoption of a pseudonym, sounding not very unlike, and spelt quite differently to the way in which William Shakspeare (of Stratford-on-Avon) spelt his (if he could spell anything, which is questionable), must have gone a long way to confuse the author of the play with the low-comedy player who undoubtedly did tread the boards of the old Globe Theatre up to this time, but who completely vanished then till he got back to his rustic village and took possession of New Place after the death of Elizabeth in 1603, although the house had

been secured for him by some unknown patron as early as 1598. The rest is prosaic enough. He busied himself thereafter by selling malt and lending out small sums at usury, among other "delights of the mind," until the year 1616, when he died, from the effects of drunkenness, as is traditionally reported; when not a single soul paid the smallest tribute to his memory.

Following on Lord Sydenham's strictures upon Shakspeare as a "Yokel" whom it would be preposterous to connect with the great classical drama comes a retort courteous from Sir Archibald Flower, Mayor of Stratford and Chairman of the Memorial Theatre Governors. Addressing the local Chamber of Commerce, he said that "Shakespeare had become a very definite influence for peace in the world. It was the only subject he knew in which the whole world agreed. They quarrelled about religion, finance, politics and reparations, but when it came to the question of Shakespeare they were all agreed, *except the poor deluded mortals who were firmly convinced that he never wrote the plays at all. Those individuals sometimes finished up in a lunatic asylum.*"

Sir Archibald is the flower of the Stratfordian flock. I have never heard that more than one Baconian wound up in a lunatic asylum, and that was that angel of light, Miss Delia Bacon, who originated the modern controversy and who suffered such barbarous persecution at the hands of the Stratfordian imposters that her frail body was unequal to the strain. But her works contain more sanity in a single page than was ever uttered by all the scribes of the Stratford cult put together from that day to this. Then, what about the "sanity" of the most brilliant and cultured publicists who have stood solidly for the Bacon authorship of the Great Plays? I refer to John Bright who wrote that "any man that believes that William Shakspeare of Stratford wrote *Hamlet* or *Lear* is a fool;" to General Butler, who wrote: "I am a firm believer in the Baconian Theory;" to Lord Houghton who wrote, "I no longer consider Shakspeare the actor as the author of the Plays;" to Schlegel, who wrote, "I consider all that has been said about Shakspeare personally to be a mere fable, a blind extravagant error;" to Disraeli, who wrote, "Did . . . Shakspeare ever write a single, whole, play? I doubt it;" to Walt Whitman, who wrote, "I am firmly convinced that Shakspeare of Stratford could not have been the author," to Judge Webb, who wrote, "Shakspeare was another name for Bacon;" and no end of men of equal authority which space alone prevents their inclusion. Now, Sir Archibald, think again, or hide thy diminished head.

The Buffalo Board of Education has voted to discontinue the use of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* in the public schools. The assigned reason is that "a Rabbi" has protested that the play is an affront to the Jewish race, and that the character of "Shylock" was not the result of personal observation on the part of Shakespeare. So the educational authorities of Buffalo are in the sure grip of these gentlemen of the Middle East! We do not pretend to know whether the author of Shylock made a personal observation for his character or not—which is nothing to the point in dramatic presentation—

but we do know that the author Bacon had excellent reasons for holding that kidney up to everlasting contempt, and if Shylock were a Gentile, he should merit the same obliquy. It is known that most of the notable characters in the plays of Shakespeare are deliberately constructed in a composite garb for the sole object of camouflaging their actual identity. Thus, numerous contemporary personages satirized or otherwise treated could not very easily complain of libel or slander. And with reference to the *Merchant*, the real person held up to scorn was "a Lombard"—a nickname for the usurious Jew—whose real name or alias (one never can tell which) was "Sympson," who had Bacon arrested in 1598 on a bond for £300, as he was leaving the Tower on important business for the Queen. This was the talk of the town at the time. Bacon, writing from his "prison" in Coleman-street, and making complaint to Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, used these words in his opening paragraph:—"I am to make humble complaint to your Lordship of some hard dealing offered me by one Sympson, a goldsmith, a man noted much, as I have heard, for extremities and stoutness upon his purse: but yet I could scarcely have imagined he would have dealt either so dishonestly towards myself, or so contemptuously towards Her Majesty's Service. For this Lombard (pardon me, I most humbly pray your Lordship, if being admonished by the street he dwells in, I give him that name) having me in bond for £300 principal, and I having the last term confessed the action, and by his full and direct consent respited the satisfaction till the beginning of this term to come, without ever giving me warning, either by letter or message, served an execution upon me, having trained me at such time as I came from the Tower, where, Mr. Waad can witness, we attended a service of no mean importance."

The upshot of this was that after the preliminaries of settlement were arranged, Anthony Bacon (Antonio in the play) got his mother Lady Ann to pledge part of her estate to liquidate the debt, and doubtless Francis honored that obligation by writing, producing and publishing the first quarto of *The Merchant of Venice* in that year.

We are obliged to D. Fraser, Esq., Headmaster of the Balfour Road Council Senior Boys' School at Runcorn for a copy of the Xmas number of "The Balfourian," which purports to be the magazine of the School. It is a most interesting publication gotten up in the old hand-made style, with type-written text and original artistic illustrations, all of which is very attractively produced and reflects great credit upon its contributors and craftsmen. In its "Review of the Autumn Term, 1931," it says: "The Old Balfourians Association is greatly indebted to Mr. Alfred Dodd for his lecture on "The Mystery of Shakespere" which was delivered at the school on the 13th November. Mr. Dodd has probed deeply into original documents and he presented arguments which will cause those present to regard the controversy on this matter from new standpoints, and will also stimulate healthy research. We thank Mr. Dodd for a wonderfully inspiring evening." We salute the Balfourians, who can approach the greatest of all literary questions without trepidation and without favor.

It must be almost half-a-century ago when John Morrison Davidson, Bernard Shaw, J. Ramsay Macdonald, Bennett Burleigh, Tom Marlow (since editor of the *Daily Mail*), Victor Collins, George Lansbury, Sydney Webb, Francis Marlow, Dr. Barnardo, Lothrop Withington, John Burns and a number of others, including myself, used to meet under the auspices of the United Democratic Club in Chancery Lane. The first-named, John Morrison Davidson, was by profession a barrister-at-law, who devoted much of his briefless leisure to the writing of historical and political books of no mean value and importance. Many years after, when discussing Elizabethan England, he told me that Queen Elizabeth was not all she was represented to be, for he had in his searches amongst State archives, discovered that she was the mother of two *daughters*.

At a still later date, when I began to interest myself in the Bacon-Shakespeare problem and had read Mrs. Elizabeth Gallup's Bacon-Cypher revelations in the Shakespeare plays (one of which was that Bacon and Essex were Elizabeth's *sons*) I paused and wondered if my friend Davidson's "*daughters*" might be read "*children*," since time sometimes plays tricks with one's memory. There the incident rested. But on the 14th of February, 1917, Messrs. Sotherby of Bond-street offered for sale out of the library of the late W. A. Lindsay Esq., C.V.O., K.C., *Clarenceux King of Arms*, "a very curious and circumstantial MS. account of an early marriage of Elizabeth and of her having two daughters, together with some anecdotes of James' Court, extracted from Dr. Will Twiss's Diary, believed to be unpublished, together with "Copies of Ancient Charters; referring to the Cartulary of St. Florence, Saumur; Stavordale Priory, Co. Som., Carmelite Priory, Cambridge, Reading Abbey; Holy Cross, Birmingham; Halesowen, Camberwell, Pirtwell, and various other places."

In this MS. account dated 1638, it is suggested that James I. himself concocted the Gunpowder plot to satisfy the political situation against the Papists, but Dr. Twiss appears to rely for the authenticity of matters reported to one Mr. Fred Devon. "Queen Elizabeth in King Edward's days or beginning of Queen Mary's being always a Protestant and never thinking that Providence would bring her to the Crown, was married to a religious gentleman, one Mr. Upton, and by him had two daughters. . . . She was married some say by the Bishop of Canterbury, a stiff Protestant, who suffered martyrdom, but this her marriage was kept very private, her husband in her exile and in the Tower for the most part wayting upon her as her servant.

"On coming to the Throne the Counsell wrought so that they were privately divorced and Mr. Upton married again and after (at which distance of time I know not) brought his wife into Greenwich Gardens when Queen Elizabeth saw her coming to her gave her a box on the ear telling her she wondered that her impudence was such as she would come and braze it out in her presence, upon which Mr. Upton gave the Queen a box on the ear . . . It was frequently given out that the two children were Essex's or other nobles—a mere trick to blind the world, for they were legitimately hers . . . The

Queen sent old Upton into Scotland to King James where covenants were agreed upon touching the provision for the Queen's two daughters which K.J. signed at the Charterhouse in London before he went to Whitehall. King James subsequently denied the covenant, whereupon Upton caused it to be privately printed and dispersed. The King confessed his signature and Upton told him he was perjured. The King starts up and pluckt him by the beard, after which Upton was condemned to have his right hand first cut off and then to be hanged."

It is notorious that James was a woman-hater, if not something worse. The Twiss MS. refers also to his wife having to complain to the Counsell of "his brutal marital usage of her." He also "had one of Elizabeth's daughters at Court, and at the age of 13 Prince Henry seduced her and she had a boy* who was afterwards supposed to be sent to Constantinople, as James always grumbled when a money payment was made to Turkey for the support of their son. The daughters after married obscure persons."

Now, there appears to be a serious anachronism in this elegant recital. If Upton and Elizabeth were secretly married when the latter was in her teens, and were privately divorced when she came to the throne in 1559 at the age of 25, her two daughters were presumably born before that time. Then she reigned about 45 years before James of Scotland came to the throne. It is difficult to believe, therefore, that one of Elizabeth's daughters could have been at King James' Court in 1603, at the earliest, and she being only 13 years old! Perhaps the whole story is or was a deliberate *canard* designed to discredit what were possibly the real facts of the case. For there is still another story of Elizabeth having two daughters in her teens, one by the Earl of Arundel, the other by Sir John Spencer. Both of these were christened *Elizabeth* and at least the dates fit the story.

At the second Annual General Meeting of the German Bacon Society at Weimer on April 23rd, 1931 I had the pleasure of being elected honorary member, for which distinction I express to Frau A. Deventer V. Kunow and to Frau Dr. Förster Neitzsche (the beloved sister of the brilliant philosopher) my sincere appreciation.

Since the last issue, I have received a letter from our associate, Mr. Harold Large, of The Mount, Napier, N.Z., which relieves the anxiety of many of his English friends who feared his death in the awful earthquake. Both he and Mrs. Large are safe, but the account of the catastrophe he sent me is sad reading. After the great quake a fire raged "which burnt the whole of the big buildings and houses in the centre of the town; and it will be years before it will be rebuilt again. The beach has risen some seven feet and that affects things much. And after all these months we are still trying to rebuild walls. After the crockery and glassware was utterly smashed and everything else in confusion; and when I was able to make a

* The MS. adds: "James and another and a Dr. acted as midwives to conceal it and 'half pulled her guts out.'"

way into the house to sleep through the rest of the 600 quakes and tremors I was asked to go through the country to collect money for the 30,000 destitute. And the result of strenuous work, to this very day, I have been getting ready the National Red Cross Society so as to be prepared for any disaster which may come upon us within the next six months or years. I was in the middle of writing a paper on William Shakspeare of Stratford-on-Avon, and the Poems of Plays of Wm. Shake-speare when the big quake came: and even to-day after ten months, the papers and books are not in any order. Meanwhile Mrs. Clark sent me her book on *Hamlet* and the Dialboard, which I hope to tackle from the *Bensonian*† standpoint as soon as Red Cross is well established. . . . We expect more quakes at Christmas and March (next month). There are several Centres of Royal Buffaloes in N.Z. I have not found out if anyone takes up the Mysteries behind the Order.

Sincerely yours, Harold Large."

More than one request has been made by members who live at a distance or are otherwise unable to attend the lectures at Canonbury that extended reports of these lectures might be given in *BACONIANA*, and an attempt in this direction is being made by the inclusion of four of the recent lectures in the present issue, viz. by Miss Leith, Mr. Bridgewater, Mr. Nickson, and Mr. Biddulph. Regarding the paper by Mr. Biddulph on Freemasonry it may be pointed out that Saint Alban—the proto-martyr of England—was the reputed legendary founder, or introducer of Freemasonry into England, in the year A.D. 287. This number (at one time the seal number of the Royal Arch Chapter, if not so still) conveys the cypher that "Bacon is Shakespere" by Bacon's secret method of cabalistic calculation. St. Alban is also said to have been the first Grand Master of British Masonry, he being a Roman Knight when Carausius was Emperor of Britain—(with a grain of salt.) That Carausius (who really ruled Britain at that time) was a convenient cloak for James I. in this allegorical account is suggested by the cabala interpretation of *Carausius* = 107 = *King Jacobus I.*, just as the "proto-martyr" and the Viscount of James' day were one. This is further corroborated by the legend that St. Alban was martyred in the year A.D. 303 for assisting *Amphibalus*, his friend, to escape persecution by changing his coat as a disguise. *Amphibalus*, like *Shakspeare*, tallies with the cabala number 97. And if the year of the proto-martyr's death be interpreted as 33, the central figure indicating cypher, then we may be reasonably certain that Bacon, whose simple Cabala number is represented by 33 (which incidentally, is the highest "degree" number of British Masonry) and by reversal of these figures into letters (and yet figures) representing the Roman numerals CC (which in Bacon's own secret cabala represents 200—the full name of "Francis Bacon") was the leading spirit in the Foundation of Freemasonry in England and from which Grand Lodge in 1717, was directly descended.

Sometime before his death, Sir Alfred Robbins went to South America as a representative of British Freemasonry, to greet the

† Mr. Large was organizer to Sir Frank Benson, some years ago.

high officers of the Grand Orient (or international masons). Mrs. Nesta Webster, in giving an account of the Grand Orient, tells us that this body is decidedly a "subversive" movement (of which Co-Masonry, which admits women members) to that of the British Order, and that, in the past it has included many revolutionary leaders in Europe, as Bakounine (founder of Nihilism), Pierre Joseph Proudhon (the great French Anarchist and first rank political economist), and others not less famous (or infamous) according to one's political bias. But it is doubtful if Mrs. Nesta Webster knows as much as she is credited with knowing, notwithstanding that she is held in great esteem by many notable Freemasons. Her citation of the Masonic ordinance that Masons are strictly forbidden to enter lodges to which women are admitted, is, I believe, quite true enough.

The late Mr. Jas. Cary, junr., discovered many years ago, or at least claimed to have discovered, from a close inspection of the original edition of "Shake-speare's Sonnets," that Francis Bacon was the first Grand Master, also, of the Grand Orient, just as Mr. Alfred Dodd has discovered from the self-same source that Francis Bacon was the first Grand Master of *British* Masonry. That both organizations were originally *political* in their chief aims (though working from different standpoints) we have no doubt. But I do not mean to suggest that these secret societies were political in a party or sectarian sense, but that they were concerned in the larger issues of State, of which members of the lower degrees have as little knowledge as outsiders. The present coalition of class interests called the "National Government" is an example of the manner in which the political aims of the Masonic Brotherhoods work at a time of crisis when Democracy begins to raise its head (or voice) too saucily. All caucus Coalitions, however, end in the same way, and like Jezebel, go to the dogs.

If I were asked to choose a *Dictator* for this woe-begone country at the present time, after having listened attentively to the various speakers on "the wireless" on this especial theme, I think I should plump for Lord D'Abernon, whose remarkable broadcast was also reprinted in *The Listener*. The singular political and economic vision and practical common-sense which characterized his timely address contrasted significantly with the rank balderdash preached by "comrades" Macdonald and Snowden on the eve of their *coup d'etat* last year, on the subject of balancing budgets. This balancing trick worked for a week, when down tumbled the gold currency. And the amount of ignorant piffle preached by would-be economists and "high" finance in season and out on the "Gold Standard" and "Sterling" (whatever the latter has to do with the former) was enough to make a cat laugh. It seems that banking magnates, and the press which talks to their order, need an elementary lesson as to the distinctive difference between a standard of value and a medium of exchange. We certainly have come off the gold standard (and yet the Bank Rate is as high as ever for the theoretical use of gold which doesn't exist) and are now, in practice, on the silver standard once again; and "sterling" is merely a qualitative attribute of silver coins originally "made in Germany."

The Annual Meeting of the Bacon Society took place at Canonbury Tower on March 5th, 1931. Mr. Horace Nickson presided. After the minutes of the previous Annual Meeting were read and adopted, the Hon. Treasurer, *pro tem* (Henry Seymour) presented the Statement of Accounts with the Auditor's Report, which was unanimously carried. The election of officers and councils was next taken, when the Hon. Sec. proposed, subject to acceptance, Sir John G. Kotzé, LL.D., and late Appeal Judge (S.A.) as President of the Society. Mr. Bridgewater warmly seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. The following Vice-Presidents were also duly elected, Lady Sydenham, Princess Karadja, the Dowager Lady Boyle, Mrs. Crouch Batchelor, Harold Bayley, Esq., and Parker Woodward, Esq. Mr. Horace Nickson was also elected Chairman of the Council, Mr. B. G. Theobald as Vice-Chairman. Mr. Henry Seymour was elected Hon. Treasurer, and the duly elected members of the Councils were: Mrs. Vernon Bayley, Miss Mabel Sennett, Mrs. Cohen-Stuart, Mr. Bridgewater, Mr. Cremlyn, Mr. Gundry, Mr. Denning, Mr. Biddulph, Mr. Parker Brewis, Mr. Goldsworthy and Mr. Dawbarn. Mr. G. L. Emmerson was also elected Auditor for the ensuing year. Before the close, Mrs. V. Bayley proposed that the full meeting should convey the cordial greetings of the Society to Mrs. E. W. Gallup, who was now in very advanced years and unable to do more for the great Baconian research. The Hon. Sec. seconded this and offered to send the message forthwith.

By the courtesy of Miss Theodora Durning-Lawrence, members and friends of The Bacon Society and of the Ladies' Guild of Francis St. Alban, were cordially invited to an "At Home," at 13, Carlton House Terrace, on the evening of June 5th last. A large concourse of people, many eminent in law and literature, availed themselves of this unique opportunity of inspecting, among other things, the famous book collection of the late Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, prior to their removal, by bequest of the late Lady Durning-Lawrence, to the London University. A string band enlivened the proceedings, and refreshments of all kinds provided all else needed to make the occasion a memorable one.

We deeply regret to announce the recent decease of Miss Ella Hepworth-Dixon, daughter of the author of one of the most illuminating biographies of Francis Bacon, which work is well known to all Baconians.

H. S.

